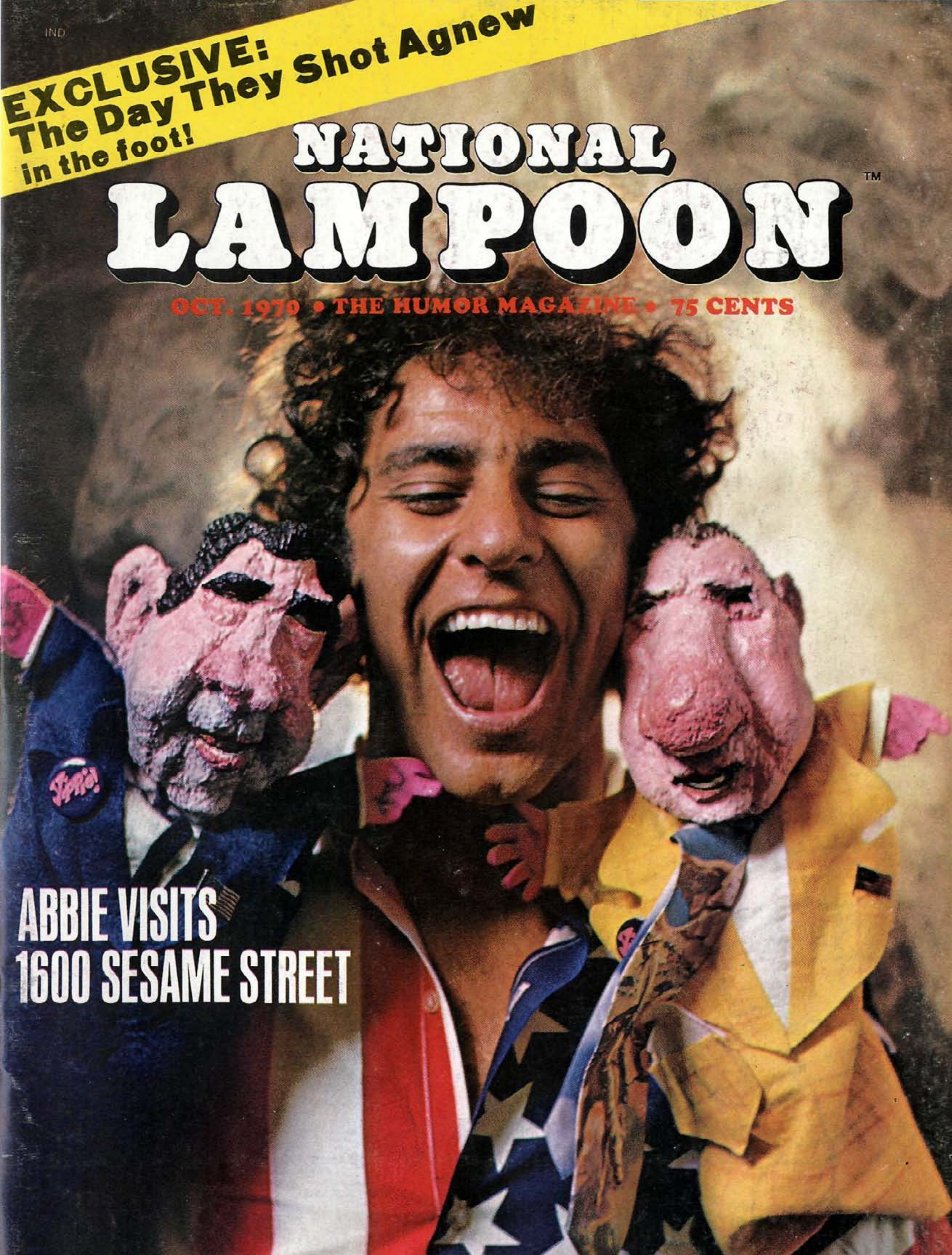
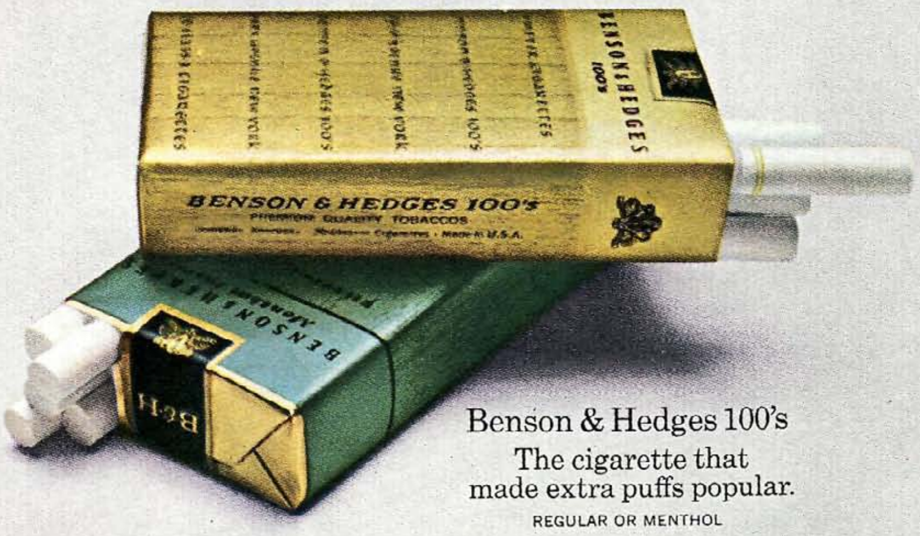


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Benson & Hedges 100's must taste pretty good. Look what people put up with to smoke them.



Benson & Hedges 100's
The cigarette that
made extra puffs popular.
REGULAR OR MENTHOL

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Music can create a mood. It can soar and sweep, rise and plunge, taking you both along with it.

Unfortunately, music can also hiss and crackle or sound as if it were played through three layers of Turkish towels.

Before we developed our RTS-40 stereo system, a lot of students and other budget-minded folks had to settle for less when it came to their sounds.

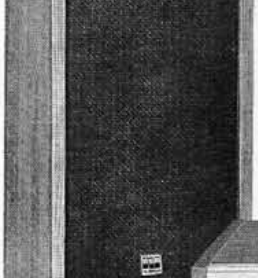
Now they don't. The BSR McDonald RTS-40 is a 50-watt AM/FM/MPX Phono system. The receiver has enough power to assure that all the highs and lows in the music get through. (Nice to know if you're a bass freak.) The speakers are true two-way acoustic suspension with a heavy-magnet 6″ woofer, and a wide-dispersion 2½″ tweeter.

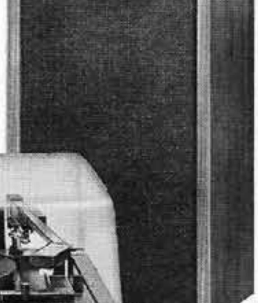
The turntable is our best-selling model. It's got a cue and pause control, counter-weighted tone arm and an anti-skate control. It comes complete with a custom base, tinted dust cover and a famous Shure magnetic cartridge.

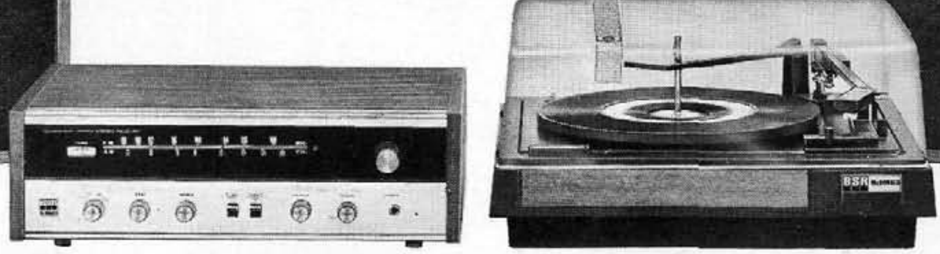
The RTS-40. Uncommon sound for the common man. At your hi-fi dealer.

Send for a free full color catalog of the complete line to BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, New York 10913.

BSR
McDONALD







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Vol 1, No. 7

CONTENTS

Oct , 1970

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At 6:15 A.M., you're in no shape to tell the big hand from the little hand.



Just open your eyes and see the big numbers poking through the fog.

They're very comforting things to wake up to, our digital clock radios. Instead of hands to decipher at a time when you need all the help you can get, they give you nice clear numbers. That you don't have to see by the dawn's early light. Because they already have their own soft electric ones.

And they let you fall asleep to up to 60 minutes of music. And then wake up to more music. And if that isn't enough to get you up on time to see the time, there's an insistent buzzer that can take care of you.

Maybe you thought clock radios were just something to wake you up. These are also something to listen to. With big dynamic speakers to go with the big numbers. And Solid-State devices so they keep going a long time.

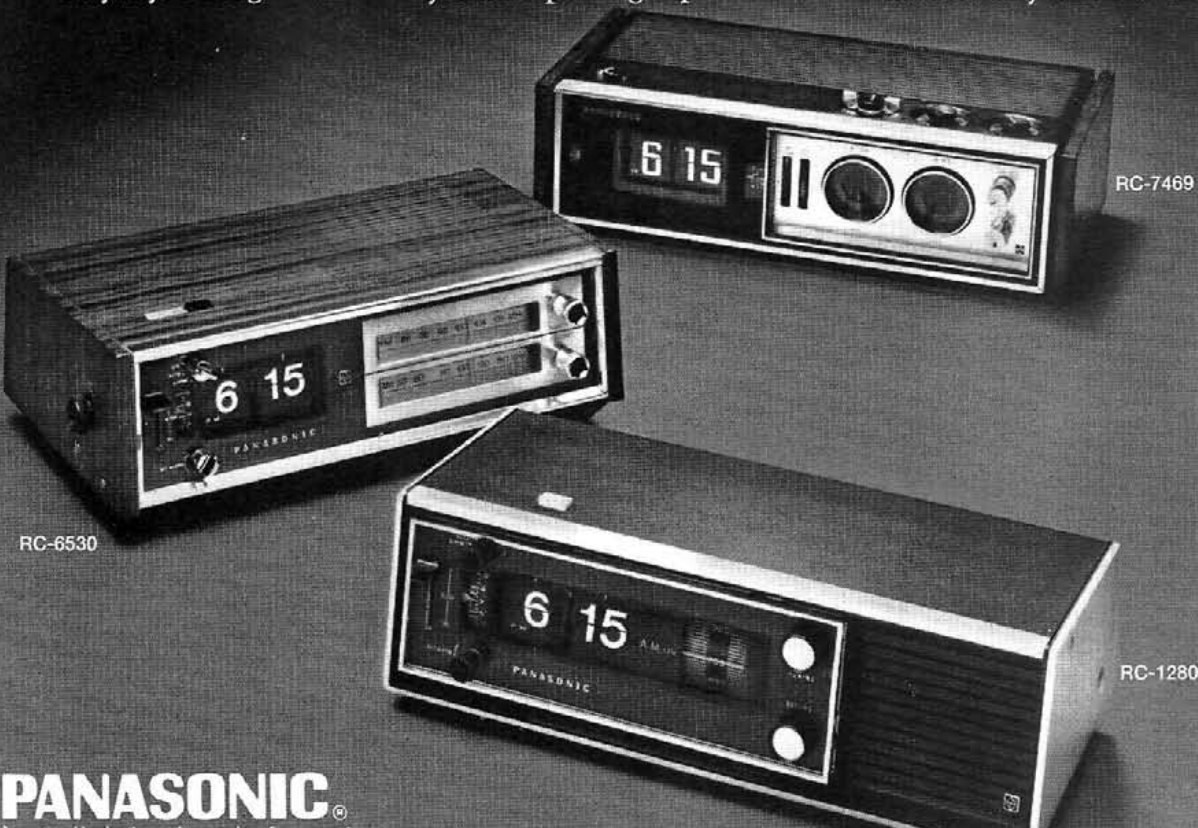
The "Planada." Model RC-7589. (Pictured above.) Flip for the modern metallic design. And it'll swivel for you. And give you a "Sure-Awake" alarm that lullabyes you to sleep through a pillow speaker. And blasts you awake through the main speaker.

The "Cameron." Model RC-7469. Does everything the "Planada" does. But in a beautiful walnut cabinet. With big numbers, a little earphone and a "Sure-Awake" alarm.

The "Newdawn." Model RC-6530. Has the "Sure-Awake" alarm. And a 2-stage nitelight so it glows in the dark as brightly as you want.

The "Morningtone." Model RC-1280. For people who only listen to AM. But also want an earphone and a 2-stage nitelight.

See the new kind of clock radios today. At any Panasonic dealer. And tomorrow you won't have to worry which hand is bigger.



PANASONIC®
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 243-6000. In Conn., 800 942-0655. We pay for the call. Ask about Digital Clock Radios.

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NATIONAL LAMPOON

—LETTER FROM THE EDITOR—

A lot of people (particularly such queasy types as publishers, advertisers and backers) continually ask us why we print so much anti-Nixon propaganda. "Why beat a dead horse?" they say, not without an appreciation for metaphor.

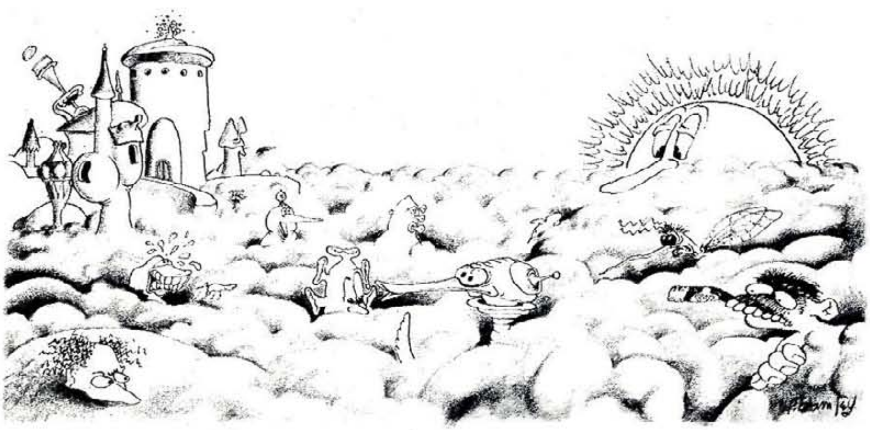
Well, the *National Lampoon* is pleased to announce it has discovered that President Nixon has been planning, in secret, one of the most exciting rock festivals ever conceived for America's young people. Tentatively planned to be held in the Grand Canyon, the Festival of Reconciliation will boast practically every rock star and supergroup, including Joplin, Hendrix, Sly and the Family Stone, and Johnny Winter. Rumor has it that the Treasury Department has offered an undisclosed sum to McCartney for a final gig with the Beatles at the Festival. Free food, shelter and Port-O-Sans will be provided by the army engineers, who have been told to expect over 1,000,000 to gather in the historic gorge. Peter Max posters have been commissioned to publicize the free event, and the date will be announced later this month in a special Presidential news conference. On the third day of the Festival, our sources reveal, the vast crowd will be treated to an aerial ballet by the U.S. Air Force's renowned Blue Angels. The aerobatics will include, as a grand finale, a display of skywriting. Zooming over the heads of the multitudes, three of the smoke-streaming silver birds will inscribe a peace sign in the heavens to an appreciatively oh-wowing audience.

The fourth plane will drop the bomb.

—DCK

—THE COVER—

Photographer Michael Gold's stunning portrait of Abbie Hoffman (who asked that his fee be donated to the Hungarian Freedom Fighters), Dick and Spiro (sculpted by Rick Meyerowitz, who asked that his fee be donated to Rick Meyerowitz) captures the political dilemma of the '70's, and expresses America's desire to be brought together again through mutual understanding and the peaceful uses of hydroelectric power. ☐



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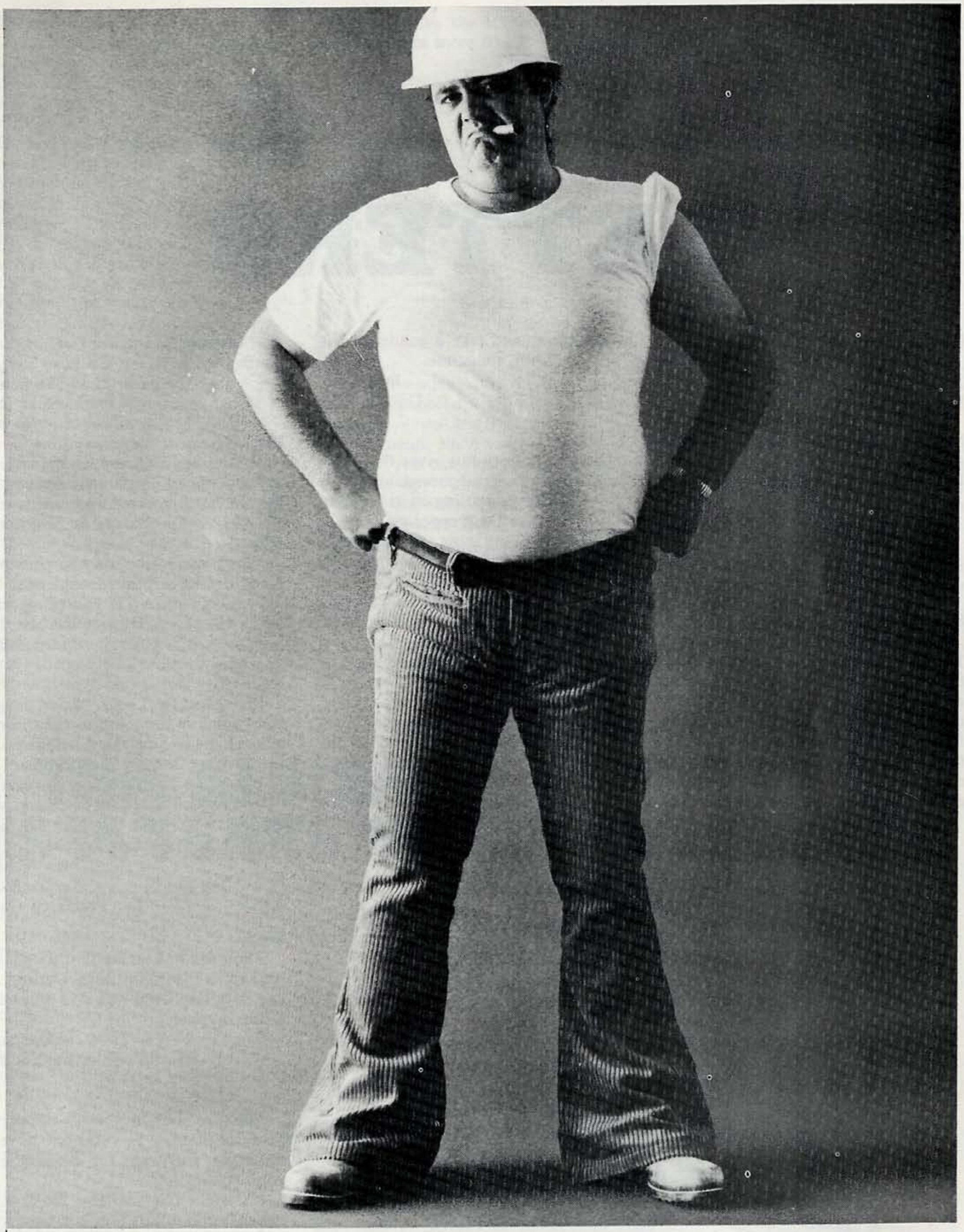
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Beautify America.

Landlubber. Beautiful clothes.

For a 20"x36" Beautify America poster, send $1.00 to Landlubber Poster #1-L, Box 8006, Boston, Massachusetts 02114.

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LETTERS

Sirs:

Pardon us, but we seem to have misplaced your cheque of $118.95 for purchases made through August 15, 1969. Would you do us the favor of sending us another? We regret this error and look forward to your continued patronage.

E. G. Pennypacker
Brooks Brothers, Inc.
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

As Chairman of the Dayton, Ohio, Junior Chamber of Commerce, I am forced to take issue with your recent article, "The Six Most Tedious Cities in America." Your gratuitous and unfounded jibes are unworthy of a national publication and are a sad comment on the sense of fair play shown by certain younger elements of our society.

If you think Dayton is boring, by the way, you should take a gander at Mt. Vernon, Iowa, sometime.

Peter Ivers
Dayton, Ohio

Sirs:

Life is an unending river that flows from the snowcaped mountains to the fishy seas, never pausing on its journey, not even for a Dr. Pepper or a bag of tasty Fritos. This thing we call Life is a long, lonesome highway along which the weary traveler may happen upon Adversity and Annoyance, and, at other times, a large quantity of very useful Truth and Beauty, or maybe even a lost transistor radio that will still work if you get some fresh batteries.

Life, then, is an enigmatic puzzle, although others find it a puzzling enigma, revealing her secrets only to the Pure, the Good or the Highly Influential.

Wise Ones have sometimes likened Life to a pile of Turds, but Others have not. Personally, I tend to side with the Turds theory.

K. Gibran
Mt. Vernon, Iowa



Sirs:

Excuse us, but have we made some mistake? According to our records, we have not yet received your cheque for $118.95 for purchases made through August 15, 1969.

Won't you please send us your payment at your earliest convenience?

E. G. Pennypacker
Brooks Brothers, Inc.
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

I have just read your "satire" magazine which is supposed to cut through all the hype and bullshit floating around the country. I have also just read the 12 pages of paid advertising you carried in that issue. Talk about co-option, you schmucks are the hypocritical pits. Some satire magazine — puke.

Jann Wenner
Rolling Stone
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

The time to hesitate is through. No time to wallow in the mire. Darling, we can only lose. And our love will build a funeral pyre.

W. Shakespeare
Stratford-on-Avon, England

Sirs:

Enclosed is an almost completed manuscript of a new far-out novel I think you will want for excerpting in your publication.

It's about this sensitive kid from a typical middle class family who arrives at Harvard wanting to be a corporation lawyer to help his father's firm make Napalm and machine guns for the War. But halfway through his sophomore year, he goes to this peace rally and meets this far-out chick named Linda who takes him to her off-campus pad and turns him on for the first time with some really heavy dope. (There's this

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really groovy passage here where he's balling – it's the first time in his life – and how he has all these really incredible visions of all this surf crashing and how the sky is all these freaky colors like in *2001*.)

Then, the plot gets really heavy. He grows his hair long, quits ROTC and buys a motorcycle and gets into Hesse. (He wrote *Magister Ludi*, which is German for "The Games People Play" and is incredibly symbolic.) Soon he gets to be this incredible campus leader and he heads a take-over of the entire school until the fascist pigs start firing mortars and bazookas through the windows and off Linda. This puts him through even heavier changes and he goes and lives in this incredible commune in Vermont, but comes out of it even more radicalized.

I haven't figured out the ending yet, but it's either he gets offed by the fascist pigs when he tries to save a kid from a burning library, or maybe he's only wounded and all the kids get him elected to Congress where he makes this incredible speech about the War that really turns the President's head around. (I think I like this ending better, but Linda says it's a cop-out.)

Please reply immediately, because Warner Brothers is really hot to get their hands on it, but they want Michael Pollard to play the leading character and I see him more like Eliott Gould.

Arnold Shapiro
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Our Credit Department informs us that they have not yet received your payment of $118.95. We are sure you do not wish to jeopardize your credit rating with other concerns as well as our own, and we suggest you remit full payment within 10 days.

E. G. Pennypacker
Brooks Brothers, Inc.
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

What I wanna know is, how come you guys expect to sell your crummy magazine when *MAD* is still in business. I mean, they have articles and cartoons you can really relate to, like "Spy vs. Spy" and the "What, Me Worry?" gags and Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side of Home Permanents," not to mention those funny takeoffs on kids themselves and how they wear their shirttails outside their jeans and goof off on their homework so they can listen to Elvis the Pelvis.

All you guys do is make cracks about Nixon and beatniks, which is, in my book, for the birds. Why don't you go into the Peace Corps, which is where you belong? Or worse.

William F. Gaines
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

We are at the end of our patience with you and have turned over your unpaid bill of $118.95 to our brutal and unpredictable collection service. Do not attempt some pathetic ruse such as locking your door and turning off your lights, as our representatives are fully armed and equipped with crowbars. We also understand you have relatives in Boston. . . .

E. G. Pennypacker
Brooks Brothers, Inc.
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

We wish to acknowledge receipt of your cheque for $118.95 and we thank you for your promptness in this matter.

E. G. Pennypacker
Brooks Brothers, Inc.
Boston, Mass.

P.S. Pardon us, but we seem to have misplaced your cheque of $233.40 for purchases made through August 15, 1970. Would you do us the favor of sending us another? We regret this error and look forward to your continued patronage. □

® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

THIS ALBUM IS 14 YEARS AHEAD OF ITS TIME.

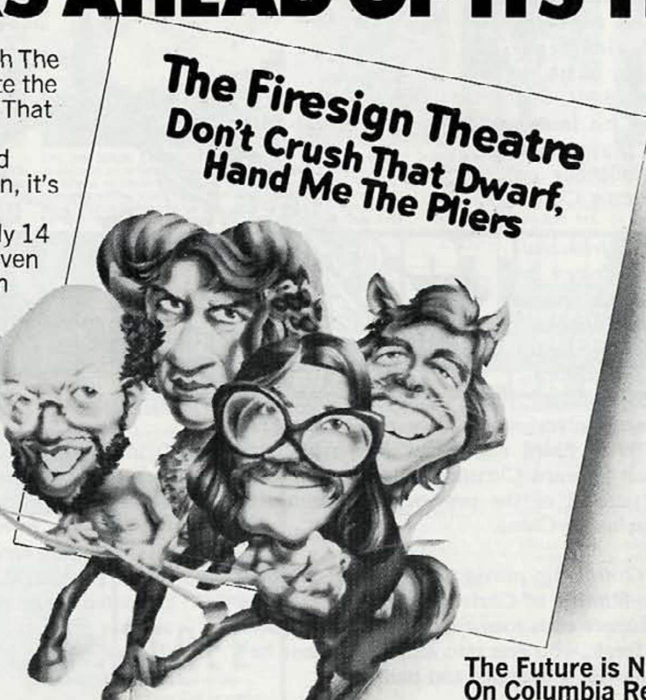
Step forward into the past with The Firesign Theatre as they interrogate the musical persecution: "Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me The Pliers."

It might be the funniest record you've ever watched. But then again, it's certainly no joke.

Propaganda-wise, it's probably 14 years ahead of its time. Or maybe even none. Or maybe we've been through it already. But that's politics.

The album has two sides: This and The Other. Which are you on?

All this and more more more on The Firesign Theatre's latest, where nearly everyone you meet is named either George or, well, almost nearly everyone.



Produced by James William Guercio

**The Future is Now.
On Columbia Records
(A subsidiary of Big Brother)**

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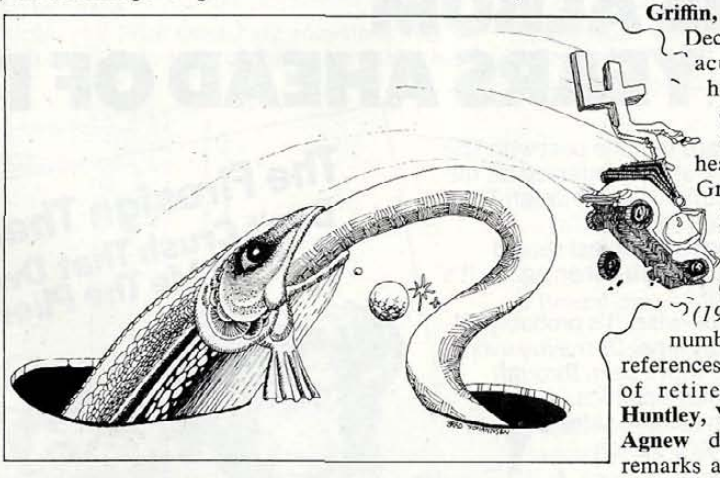
HORRORSCOPE

Numerology (n[y]ü me 'räl e je) n.; L. numerus. The study of the occult significance of numbers.

October 1, 1970 *(98.6)* Interior Secretary **Walter Hickel** confirms midsummer rumor that mercury contamination has reached a dangerous level in many of the nation's food-producing lakes and streams. Wary of ecological alarmists, Hickel had not been convinced until he discovered the family doctor taking his son's temperature with a fish stick.

October 3, 1970 *(25-7)* **Tom Seaver,** apple-cheeked all-American moundsman for the N.Y. Mets, loses one million dollars in endorsement contracts when reporters reveal that he and pert wife, Nancy, are related through more than marriage. "What my sister and I do with our private lives," storms an angry Seaver, "is nobody's business but our own."

October 10, 1970 *(3 in 1, 1 in 3)* In an attempt to "personalize God's representative on earth," **Pope Paul VI** agrees to an unprecedented appearance on David Frost's television talkathon. His Holiness thrills an attentive worldwide viewing audience by revealing that his favorite book is the Bible, that *he enjoys spending his leisure* hours relaxing in prayer, and that the greatest influence on his life has been Jesus Christ.



October 16, 1970 *(3 from column 2)* In first appearance on *Meet the Press* since his release from Chinese prison, 79-year-old missionary Bishop **James Walsh** dismisses as "absurd," Communist charges labeling him "American imperialist spy." In simultaneous interview on *Face the Nation,* Defense Secretary **Melvin Laird** announces successful completion of Operation Onward Christian Soldiers, a surgical strike against 98 percent of the previously undiscovered missile sights on mainland China.

October 19, 1970 *(2001)* Hip movie mogul **Dennis Hopper** announces plans to film life of Christ entitled *The Heaviest Story Ever Told.* Hopper casts long-time friend **Peter Fonda** as Jesus, "the first freak, who gets into religion because he's too spaced out to handle a hammer and nails."

October 21, 1970 *($5, $10, $25)* Appearing gratis on annual muscular dystrophy telethon, semi-spastic rock 'n' roller **Joe Cocker** is introduced by **Dennis James** as "a man who won *his own personal battle against M.D." During second number,* Cocker careens uncontrollably offstage and flattens telehost James in orchestra pit.

October 23, 1970 *($3 bill)* Rumors of a behind-the-scenes romance between aging bachelor Prime Minister **Edward Heath** and the Queen of England are scotched when much-honored thespian Sir **John Gielgud** states, "I didn't even *vote* for the silly bitch."

October 25, 1970 *(11:30-1:00)* Late-night television audiences are amazed by CBS disclosure that talk show host **Merv Griffin,** hospitalized since December, 1969, with acute mononucleosis, has been replaced during entire nine-month period by a head of lettuce. During Griffin's illness, CBS re*ports a rating jump* of over six points.

October 29, 1970 *(1976)* Responding to a number of disparaging references to him on the part of retired newsman **Chet Huntley,** Vice-President **Spiro Agnew** dismisses Huntley's remarks as "the carping criticisms and sniveling insinuations of a disenchanted shithead.

October 31, 1970 *(5,4,3,2,1, blast off)* **Thor Heyerdahl,** Norwegian adventurer whose midsummer crossing of the Atlantic in a papyrus boat demonstrated that Egyptians may have been the first to visit the new world, is admitted to Oslo hospital for treatment of acute sunstroke and salt water on the brain. Heyerdahl, who believes modern science has underestimated thrust potential of ancient Chinese fireworks, convenes a press conference and announces from hospital bed start of Project Marco Apollo I, a 250-foot-tall, three-stage Roman candle. □

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD JOHANNSEN

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370. TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. Silkscreen on artist canvas in sunlight reds orange & yellow. 22"x32". Pub. @ $12. Only 5.95
608. On paper. Pub. @ $6. Only 2.98



305. RYER. LOVERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Rich browns, golds & tans. 18"x29". Pub. @ $15. Only 5.95
530. On paper. 2.98



276. PICASSO. THE OLD GUITARIST. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues and greens. 18"x26". Pub. @ $15. Only 5.95



312. PICASSO. LES PETIT FLEURS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. The immortal bouquet in full color. 20"x26". Pub. @ $12. Only 5.95



234. EL GRECO. VIEW OF TOLEDO. Lithograph on artist canvas. Stormy blues & greens. Fabled Spanish city. 20"x22". Pub. @ $35. Only 9.95



204. MODIGLIANI. SKETCH OF GIRL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Shades of red; black lines. 18"x24". Pub. @ $12. Only 5.95
110. On paper. Only 2.98



350. RYER. ETERNAL STRUGGLE. Silkscreen on canvas in rich tones of golden brown. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only 5.95
588. On paper. Only 2.98



247. PICASSO. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Soft blues and grays with black lines. 16"x20". Pub. @ $12. Only 5.95
186. On paper. Only 2.98



260. MODIGLIANI. RECLINING NUDE Silkscreen on artist canvas of the senuous figure study. Glowing flesh tones on flaming red background. Modigliani's loveliest lady in repose. One of the famous artist's most renown works. 16"x25". Pub. @ $18. Only 5.95



369. MATISSE. THE LEAVES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Bright blue green brown red orange & black. 24"x30". Pub. @ $18. Only 6.95



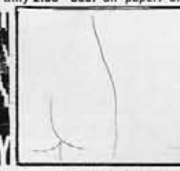
365. RUBENS. HEAD OF A NEGRO. Lithograph on artist canvas. Mellow golds & browns. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only 5.95



325. CHABAS. SEPTEMBER MORN. Delicate lithograph on artist canvas. Bathing figure depicted in pale translucent sunlight colors. A classic from the Metropolitan Museum. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only 5.95



587. THE SILENT MAJORITY. Arlington Cemetery. Lithograph on fine art paper. Exciting full color. 22"x30". Only 2.98



308. PICASSO. FEMME. Silkscreen on artist canvas of amusing drawing. Black on white. 16"x20". Pub. @ $7. Only 2.98



265. MONET. RED POPPIES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color impressionist masterpiece of figures strolling through a summer field of bright flowers. 18"x24". Pub. @ $25. Only 7.95



367. MILLET. THE ANGELUS. Lithograph on artist canvas. From the Louvre. Faithfully reproduced in the true colors. A serene homage to man's inner strength. 20"x24". Pub. @ $20. Only 6.95



285. HUG. THE LEOPARD. Lithograph on artist canvas. The magnificent feline in golden shades of brown, tan, yellow. 22"x28". Only 5.95
511. On paper. Only 2.98



314. OROZCO. ZAPATISTAS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Powerful protest by the great Mexican artist. Full vibrant color. 18"x22". Pub. @ $35. Only 9.95



368. PICASSO. PROFILE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Unusually sensitive line drawing in black on solid white. 16"x20". Pub. @ $7. Only 2.98



196. WYETH. CHRISTINA'S WORLD. Collotype from the Museum of Modern Art on fine art paper. Girl in open field of grass in harvest colors. Classic American Art. 28"x40". Only 7.50



371. WAR'S NOT HEALTHY FOR CHILDREN & OTHER LIVING THINGS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Sparkling red, yellow & magenta. 22"x32". Pub. @ $12. Only 5.95
610. On paper. Only 2.98



316. MUNCH. THE KISS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Soft drawing in grays and blacks. 16"x20". Pub. @ $12. Only 4.95



277. ROUSSEAU. VIRGIN FOREST AT SUNSET. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Bold jungle colors featuring strong greens clear yellow & sun orange. 20"x28". Pub. @ $23. Only 7.95



343. HUG. CHEETAH. Lithograph on artist canvas. In shades of brown, yellow & tan. 22"x28". Only 5.95
575. On paper. 2.98



254. MONET. WATER LILIES. Silkscreen on artist canvas in lovely shades of purple lavender & blue. Impressionist masterpiece. 22"x22". Pub. @ $20. Only 6.95



386. LOVE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. A many splendored poster on Sunny red, orange & yellow with 2240 giddy dots. 22"x32". Pub. @ $10. Only 4.95
611. On paper. Pub. @ $6. Only 2.98



262. HAUSMAN. A MAN AND A WOMAN. Silkscreen on artist canvas. "Now" colors. 16"x23". Pub. @ $15. Only 5.95
523. On paper. Only 2.98



283. HUG. THE TIGER. Lithograph on artist canvas. The magnificent feline in golden shades of brown, tan, yellow. 22"x28". Only 5.95
509. On paper. Only 2.98



317. PEREIRA. LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Beautiful abstract master work in various shades of blue on white. 20"x25". Pub. @ $20. Only 9.95



266. REMBRANDT. MAN IN A GOLDEN HELMET. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Browns, golds & black. 20"x27". Pub. @ $10. Only 5.95



261. PICASSO. DON QUIXOTE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Stirring tribute to the Man of La Mancha in black & white. 18"x24". Only 2.98



344. HUG. TIGER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Shades of brown, tan & yellow on red background. 22"x28". Only 5.95
576. On paper. Only 2.98



271. VAN GOGH. STARRY NIGHT Silkscreen on artist canvas. Brilliant landscape of towering cypress trees against swirling starlit sky. Dazzling blues greens purples + yellow stars. 18"x24". Pub. @ $35. Only 9.95



212. VAN GOGH. SUNFLOWERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Vibrant palette of yellows greens & browns. 20"x26". Pub. @ $17. Only 6.95



299. DAUMIER. DON QUIXOTE. Silkscr. on canvas. Magnificent full color. 18"x26". Pub. @ $15. Only 5.95



295. RYER. SEATED NUDE. Silksc. on canvas. Browns, golds & yellows. 20"x32". Pub. @ 15. Only 5.95
518. On paper. 2.98



198. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR — AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen on paper. Dayglo red & black. 25"x38". A classic poster. Special 4.95



230. PICASSO. GUERNICA. Impressive lithograph on artist canvas. Poignant war protest in strong tones of grays & blacks. 16"x35". Pub. @ $18. Only 6.95
164. The above on paper. Only 3.95

528. BEN SHAHN. POSTER. Black & brown on fine paper. 30"x45". Special 3.95

252. PICASSO. MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on artist canvas vibrant color. 22"x24". 5.95

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Mrs. Agnew's Diary

Dear Diary,

I am writing this in the kitchen because Spiggy is in an awful temper right now. I can hear him banging around the rumpus room and knocking over the pool cues, you know, sort of accidentally-on-purpose. I think I'll just stay out of his way for a while until he cools off.

You see, Hank Kissenger dropped by earlier today to pick up some important papers that Spiggy put in his briefcase by accident. Hank was obviously upset because he had been about to give Dick his daily summary of world affairs when he pulled out Spiggy's notes for tomorrow's speech to the Boy Scouts instead. Hank said he had been up the whole night before spitballing "scenarios" and "options" and Spiggy had ruined his whole presentation. (Hank had had a bad day the day before, too. Hank had been telling NBC that we were winning the war while Bill Rogers had been telling CBS that we were actually losing it. What was worse, at the very same time Mel Laird was with ABC telling them that while we weren't actually *winning*, we weren't really *losing* either. Just doing sort of so-so.)

Hank had told Dick that there was only one Assistant for National Security Affairs, and he didn't want to have to kowtow to any kibbitzing Secretaries of State or Defense when discussing global strategy. Spiggy suggested that Hank come on down to the rumpus room to play some Ping-Pong and relax. Anyway, he said, he wanted to hear how Hank's strategy worked on Jill St. John's globes last night.

Hank sort of stared at Spiggy with those funny grey eyes of his (they sort of look in two directions at once, if you know what I mean). Hank told Spiggy that he (Spiggy) knew that he (Hank) didn't like people snooping about his personal affairs. Then he served the ball. Real hard. Spiggy batted it back and sort of laughed and told Hank not to worry because Hank's expertise at manipulating sensitive areas was common knowledge. Particularly the sensitive areas on Gloria Steinem. Hank returned the ball even harder and hit Spiggy right in the eye.

Spiggy blinked and laughed again, but this time, the way he does when he really doesn't think anything is funny. Hey, Hank, he said, what exactly *were* you doing in Germany in 1938? That made Hank a little mad, I think, because he gave the ball a real hard swat and said he didn't understand how somebody could become a household word with a last name like Anagnostopoulos. Spiggy sort of winced and asked Hank if he ever read the biography of Cardinal Richelieu, because Hank might find it interesting. Hank sort of smirked and said Spiggy would find *Death of a Salesman* just as interesting, that is, if Spiggy could get somebody to read it to him.

All of a sudden, I noticed that Spiggy's ears were getting very pink, which around our little roost means he's having trouble keeping his temper. If Spiggy gets really mad, his nose gets all pink, too, but I haven't seen that happen since Dick moved Spiggy's office out of the White House so there would be room for three of Hank's new secretaries. At the time, Dick tried to smooth things over by telling Spiggy how Hank himself was stuck way down in the basement anyway and he needed Spiggy's office because making out technical summaries required more clerical help than simply going through the dictionary and greeting Junior Achievement groups like Spiggy did. At the time, Spiggy was satisfied with Dick's diplomacy. (Dick certainly is good at talking people into things. That's why it's so hard to understand why Hank is so good at talking *Dick* into things. Anyway, that's what Spiggy says.) But the next week, Spiggy found out that two of the secretaries couldn't type, and the other one couldn't even read very well. Then Spiggy really flew off the handle, but Hank had already boxed up Spiggy's dictionary and Ping-Pong trophies and left them outside the door. And changed the lock.

Just then, Spiggy said something to



"Remember at the Rice's cocktail party when you said you wished just once in your life you could get your fill of shrimp?"

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Hank about how were his new girls working out in their new offices. Hank sort of looked at him slitty eyed and said just fine. Spiggy said gee that was funny, because he hadn't heard them screaming yet... so he guessed Hank hadn't fully briefed them yet on their duties. Hank bounced the ball on the table and said that they were still too busy cleaning all the Yo-Yo's and squirt pistols out of Spiggy's office to do any work yet. Then Hank turned to me and said, "Do you think I should let him have his Teddy bear back, or hold it for ransom?"

At that point, I realized that they were going to be having an argument. Okay, boys, I said, fun's fun, but how about watching the Colts on TV instead of playing Ping-Pong, which can be very tiring.

Hank sort of slammed down the paddle and said no, thank you, but he had to be going, and Spiggy chimed in and said yes, because Hank's Harem (that's what Maxine Cheshire calls Hank's girlfriends) must really take the wind out of his sails. Hank spun around and threw the paddle at Spiggy and yelled something about how at least *he* wasn't an illiterate flunky whose only claim to distinction was a Greek grandfather who got himself elected notary public by stuffing the ballot box with old figs. Spiggy threw *his* paddle at Hank and missed. Hank threw a pool ball at Spiggy saying that everyday he, Hank, prepares a summary of all-important international activities for Dick with a 30-man staff, which is 29 more than Spiggy's staff. Spiggy started chasing Hank around the Ping-Pong table with a pool cue yelling that if somebody had to do a summary of *Hank's* nightly activities, they'd have to hire the entire editorial staff of the *Washington Post*. Then Spiggy caught Hank by the collar and yelled something about how if Dick ever found out about Hank and Princess Anne, he'd can him before you could say *oy gevult*.

Well, at that point, Randy, my oldest, came in to see what all the fuss was and broke up the scuffle. He told Hank he'd better go home before there was any more trouble. Hank grabbed his briefcase and stormed out the door making an odd hissing noise, like a leaky radiator.

Spiggy said good riddance and why did I invite that pompous creep in the first place. Then he went downstairs to sort of bang around for awhile.

Well, I'm afraid, like it or not, Spiggy and Hank are going to have to meet again this evening. Hank must have picked up the wrong briefcase because, after he left, Hank's report was on the TV and Spiggy can't find his scorecards for the Colts game.

All for now,
Judy □



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NATIONAL LAMPOON GROCERY LIST AWARDS!

And it is our last Annual Grocery List Awards, too, we are sorry to say. When we originally ran our Famous People's Grocery List Contest in the Bad Taste issue (July, 1970), we had no idea we'd receive over 17,000 entries. Needless to say, it was all we could do to keep Miss Marshmallow (Grocery Editor-in-Chief) from turning in her red pencil and demanding her back salary. In cash. Entries poured in from all parts of the country, and 37 were received from behind the Iron Curtain, not to mention 15 from Kansas.

Below are the prizewinning entries culled from this unwieldy mass of submissions. There were, of course, numerous duplications, which made the judging extremely difficult; so the matter was in large part turned over to Louise, the Mark IV computer, and a very efficient Maytag washer-dryer of our acquaintance.

(The task was to make up the shopping list of a famous personage, living or dead, real or fictional.)

First Prize ($15 Cash Award)
TED KENNEDY

1 hero sandwich
1 case Irish whiskey
1 firm, ripe tomato
1 hot tamale
2 pickled eels
1 package Life Savers
1 chicken
1 limburger cheese (ripe)
20 lbs. baloney
1 goose (cooked)

N. Heckel
1980 Walker Ave.
Union, N. J.

Second Prize ($10 Cash Award)
ALEXANDER PORTNOY

1 box Kleenex
1 jar hand cream
1 can K2R Spot Remover
1 copy *Psychology Today*
Something nice for Mom

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GIRL SCOUTS OF AMERICA
275,000,000 chocolate chips
1 tank truck milk
2½ tons shortening
½ dump truck baking powder
All the eggs laid in Iowa next Tuesday
Butter output of Wisconsin
1 carload sugar
1 freighter flour
1 dash salt
1 cookie cutter

both by Windhaus
Bondville, Vt.

NOAH
200 tons raw meat
400 tons birdseed
300 tons mixed greens
1 bottle airwick
1 shovel

Karen Gilmore
New York, N.Y.

Third Prize
(Free subs to you-know-what)
SAMMY DAVIS, JR.
2 lbs. collard greens
1 pkg. matzohs
½ bottle Murine

Bob Zeschin
Detroit, Mich.

MARQUIS DE SADE
2 lbs. sliced bacon
3 lbs. mincemeat
2 boxes instant mashed potatoes
1 pint whipped cream
2 lbs. chopped beef
5 bottles "Maull's Barbecue" Sauce
1 box Punch detergent
3 cases Bloody Mary mix
9 lbs. crushed ice

Eric L. Raisher
St. Louis, Mo.

JOAN OF ARC
1 bag marshmallows

Jayson Robbins
Santurce, P.R.

JULIA CHILD
1 TV dinner
1 box Alka-Seltzer

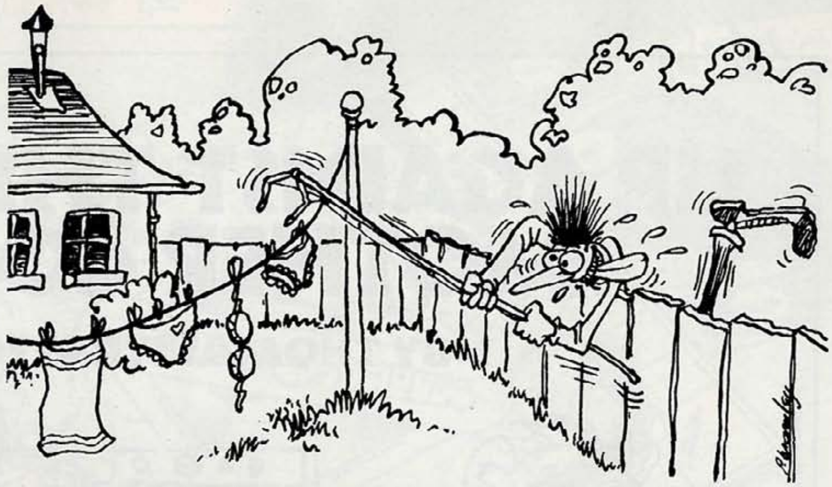
David Buckley
Chicago, Ill.

DICK CAVETT
1 gallon buttermilk
3 pairs argyle socks
1 roach clip (needn't be operational)
4 copies latest *Time* magazine
1 frozen humble pie

Dan Solomon
Los Angeles, Calif.

RALPH NADER

D. Frischer
Kansas City, Mo.



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS...

. . . That's what they're calling the early issues of the *National Lampoon*. And no wonder. Think of what a deck chair from the *Titanic* would bring these days, or a strut from the *Hindenburg,* or a complete set of *Collier's*. If you don't have the first issues of the *National Lampoon,* don't worry, you can still make your grandchildren rich! Order now.

APRIL, 1970 — SEX: Including Dr. Ralph Schoenstein's Harris Poll, the David and Julie True-Romance Comic Book, the Playbore of the Month, Normal Rockwall's Erotic Drawings, Mondo Perverto Magazine, and Michael O'Donoghue's Pornocopia.

MAY, 1970 — GREED: Featuring an exclusive interview with Howard Hughes, a poster-sized parody of the *Wall Street Journal,* the Annual Report of the Mafia, the Poor and the Super-Poor, Up With Negroes, and Rick Meyerowitz's touching portrait of Billy Graham.

JUNE, 1970 — BLIGHT: With Sludge Magazine (the little-known trade publication of the pollution industry), Beauty Tips for Mutants, Our Threatened Nazis, Jean Shepherd's S.P.L.A.T., Mort Gerberg's trip to colorful Pollution-land, and Michael O'Donoghue's Extinction Game.

JULY, 1970 — BAD TASTE: Don't miss The Liz Taylor and Richard Burton Gift Catalogue, Nixon's Dream Supreme Court, the Special Mediocrity Supplement, A Photographer's Guide to Art and Poronography, and the Most Tasteless Article Ever Printed!

AUGUST, 1970 — PARANOIA: What would America be like as a second rate power? Read We're Only Number Two. Also, a Paranoia Map of the World, Is Nixon Dead? (Well, is he?), The Secret of San Clemente, and the most upsetting pile of paranoiac folderol ever compiled!

SEPTEMBER, 1970 — SHOW BIZ: Get your mezzanine seats now for the MGM Blackmail Auction, Screen Slime Magazine, Raquel Welch Laid Bare, Diary of a New Left Starlet, and College Concert Comix!

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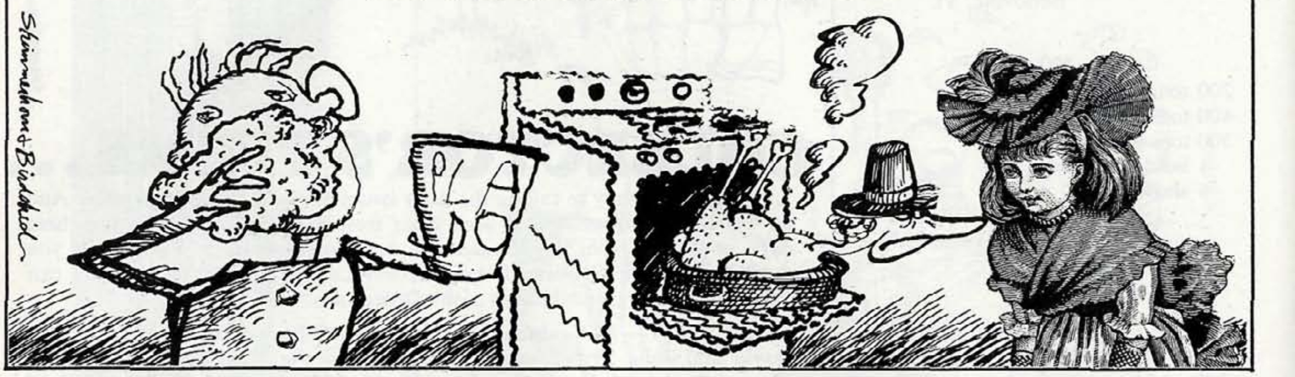
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UP AGAINST THE WALL, MOTHER GOOSE!

BY THOMAS STRATTON



June 1, 1970

8:30 A.M. — I was sititing at my desk kneading the Play-Doh I had taken from the cooler to make it more pliable for young, weak hands. The morning was warm, too warm, and I knew it would be a long day. Mrs. Massey entered and we talked over a cup of coffee. We were still sitting there when little Suzy Brighton arrived. She whispered hello and then went to the window to see if her papier-mâché snake had dried. Mrs. Massey finished the coffee and left for her classroom. I watched Suzy take the tadpole from the aquarium. "Be careful, Suzy, don't —" I was too late, she had transformed the wiggling tadpole into a sickening pattern on the tile floor with the heels of her dainty white shoes. From that moment on, I knew there was something in the air . . . something was amiss.

9 A.M. — The classroom was filled. I felt apprehensive over the lack of giggling and talking. Nervously I began our morning song: "Good morning, little sun, good . . ." No one else was singing. I told the children to rise and recite the Pledge of Allegiance. Many remained in their seats. This was a bad sign, but for the moment I overlooked it. ". . . for one nation . . ." — I heard hissing and sporadic profanities: "stinky-pooper," "dirty-crummy stupid-dummy." "Who said that?" I asked. The hot, close air was tense; no one answered. I tried to make my position clear. "Unless those who talked during the Pledge of Allegiance tell me before recess, no one goes to recess, and nap period will be longer! Do you understand me!?!" I yelled. I realized I had gotten excited — I had blown my cool. I must remain calm to think the issues over carefully.

10 A.M. — After having a meaningful dialogue and threatening the loss of teeter-totter privileges, I found the agitators. Johnny Gable was a known radical and a forced transfer from Middleport Day Care Center. He had been suspended from the teeter-totter several times before; twice for burning his "If I am lost . . ." card and twice for destroying pages from *Winnie the Pooh*. As I had expected, Suzy Brighton was the other agitator. They were both denied recess and excluded from show and tell. At the time, I had hoped this hard-line action would quell the minor disturbances, but I felt rising discontent in the air.

10:30 A.M. — I made the decision to notify the director. We called Mrs. Massey at the elementary section and put the fourth-grade safety monitors on standby. I hadn't planned to use the elite corps of hated white-belts, but they were there just in case. I prayed to God that I wasn't over-reacting.

11 A.M. — I returned to the room and discovered the children had finger painted each other. I was upset, but I couldn't let them see the tears; they mustn't know how afraid I was. "All right!" my voice cracked. "There will be no recess and *everyone* will drink white milk!" It was quiet. They sat silently and glared as I lectured on the relevance of the troll and the billy goat.

11:15 A.M. — Johnny Gable rose to get the toy dump truck; I reminded him that recess had been canceled.

11:17 A.M. — Ltitle David Barnes threw his paint box through the fish tank, sending guppies and glass across the room. At the very same instant, Mary Ann Hurtz wet her pants in protest. I stood firm, "No recess!"

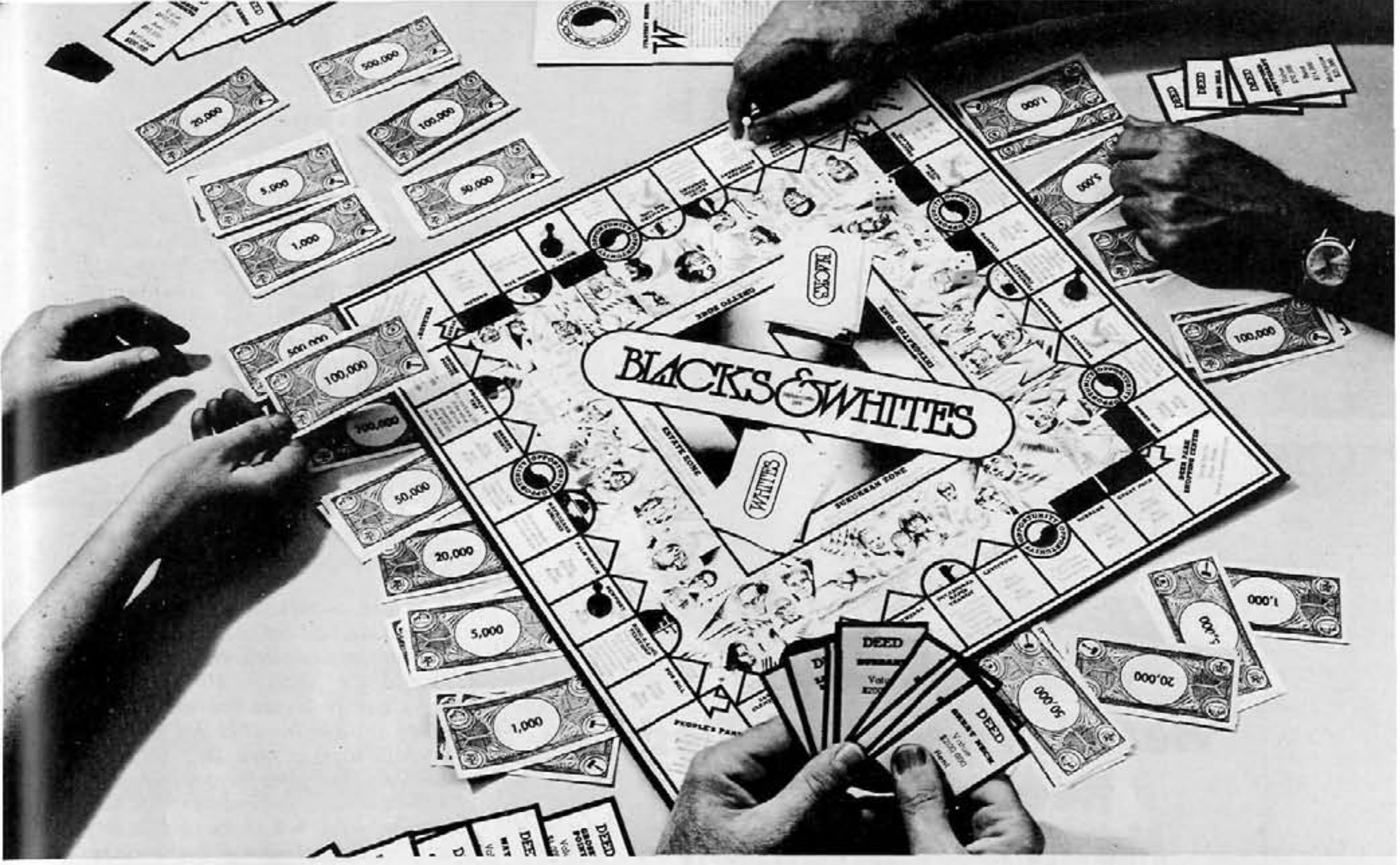
11:19 A.M. — Suzy Brighton handed me a list of demands to be met before 11:30, recess time. Rather than risk all-out violence, I read the list: "We deeman all stewdents shell go 2 reecess. We deeman sho n tell bee xtended 2 thirrtee minits. Chocklat milk shell reeplace wite. We deeman an open sandbox n contents of sed sandbox bee left 2 the disgression of the stewdents. We wont an ndorsement of *Sesame Street* n further mor an addministration policee condemming *Romper Room*."

"Be reasonable, children," I said. "I cannot possibly grant these demands." David Barnes became spokesman for the group. He stuffed Play-Doh up his nose and informed me that unless the demands were met, he was prepared to leave it there until he turned blue.

11:30 A.M. — The bell rang. They all rose to leave the room. I decided a show of force was best and reaffirmed my position. "No one will be permitted to leave for recess!" In a flurry of obscenities and hardened library paste, they marched to the playground. Horror-stricken, I noticed Mrs. Massey had released the fourth-grade safety monitors prematurely! Their crossed white belts and tin badges sparkled in the midday sun. Nauseated, I foresaw the inevitable confrontation.

11:37 A.M. — Safety monitors and radical children clashed in the school yard. Under fantastic abuse, the white-belts exhibited noble restraint. Minor injuries occurred on both sides: Two bloody

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noses resulted from hurled sand shovels, and scores of radicals crashed into the jungle gym suffering skinned knees. At the height of the riot, a British racing trike was overturned and set afire. The confrontation was brief but bloody.

12:30 P.M. — The dissenters still held the sandbox. They refused to return to the room until their demands were met. I called Mrs. Massey and she began a phased withdrawal of the white-belts. For the time being, I felt relieved; further violence and destruction had been averted.

1:29 P.M. — It was nap period, and the lunch boxes were still in the classroom. I sent word that I would agree to discuss their demands. One by one the radicals began to drift back to their seats to eat.

1:34 P.M. — Mrs. Massey called and explained she had definite proof the riot was Communist inspired. With that news, I phoned the director. He advocated hashing out the issues and temporarily agreeing to their demands. He went on to explain that to save face with the community, the entire teeter-totter complex would have to be dismantled and safety monitors would be indefinitely posted on the perimeter of the sandbox. The leaders of the disruption would, of course, be placed on the this week's "Naughty List."

1:45 P.M. — The dissenters slept and I searched their lunch boxes for incriminating literature.

2 P.M. — Nap period was over. I tried to discuss the day's disorders and explain that violence accomplished nothing. Many of the hardcore radicals agreed to seek more peaceful forms of change. In a stirring speech, little David Barnes was heard to remark, "The ends didn't justify the number of boo-boos suffered." We had reached a common ground of agreement.

2:15 P.M. — The day was over. The radical children left the room in heated debates, but no further incidents occurred. I returned home fatigued and confused but with hope that the Coldstone Public Nursery School would heal its wounds and continue to remain open.

On June 10, 1970, a state commission was appointed to investigate the disorders at Coldstone. The findings of that commission are not surprising. Miss Weston, the author of the eyewitness account, was found blameless. The safety monitors were commended for their handling of the situation. As to the actual cause of the riot, the head of the fact-finding commission was quoted as saying, "The result of the inquiry ultimately points to a lack of fresh Fig Newtons." There were no further disorders at Coldstone, but few people will forget that hot day in June for a long time to come. — Ed.

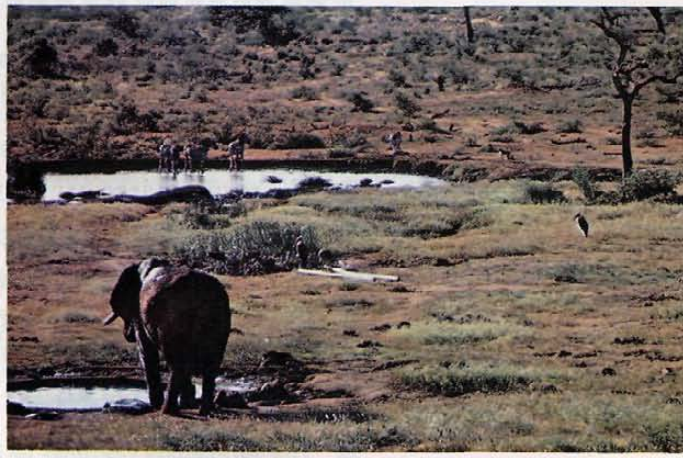
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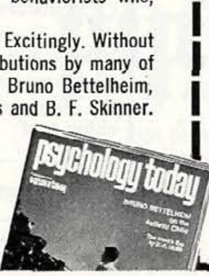
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The Wit, Wisdom and Warmth of John Mitchell

By Richard M. Nixon

When I was asked — that is, requested — by the editors of this esteemed publication[1] to pen some casual remarks about John Mitchell, I knew that I could honestly say that I would. John and I go back a long time, and that time is longer in more than just the sense of years. It spans almost a half decade of growth, of personal fulfillment (for the both of us) and of meaningful companionship. What have I, Richard Nixon, now your President, learned from John Mitchell? I have learned the true meaning of courage, of dignity, of humanity. Now, I must confess that that may seem unusual or strange to those of you who have read my book *Six Crises* and thought that I had defined the meaning of those terms pretty definitely — at least for myself.[2] Yet, Life is an opening, never a closing, and my insights in 1961 are not, and cannot be, the same then as they are now.[3] John Mitchell is not a man of 1961, nor of 1970, but, truly, a Man for All Years, those which have passed, and those which are to come.

Why, it has often been asked — and I think the question is wholly legitimate — did I appoint a Wall Street lawyer to the politically sensitive post of Attorney-General of the United States? That fair question must be answered, and, believe me, I shall answer it here and now. I chose Mr. Mitchell after careful thought because he seemed to me to exhibit — and, I say, fully exhibit — Wit, Wisdom and Warmth, the necessary prerequisites to any position in public life today. The crushing burdens of public office require precisely those qualities. Some have, in complete good faith, criticized me for lacking these qualities — and there is some truth in that, as there is in everything. From the first moment I met John Mitchell, I instinctively knew that he had those attributes, and I didn't, to be frank, much care that he had acquired them because his childhood was secure — a security I never had. I was — and, of course, still am — convinced that he was unique in that he had Wit and Warmth but also had the capacity to hide them. Yes, I now realize that there is a great ambivalence about Man — his need for humanity and his equal need to hide personal feelings in order to make a lasting contribution to the world. John Mitchell is just such a Man — writ large.

Although we met as Wall Street lawyers, our relationship quickly deepened into something more — I might say, much more. We both found ourselves to be deeply concerned with the state of the world. I well remember those stimulating lunchtime discussions when we would lament the effect of some new Communist aggression on American life. He would often run his imposing forefinger down the column of declining stock prices in *The Wall Street Journal*, his ever active brows would wrinkle, his eyes mist over, his voice would become tremulous as he would repeat, "We can't let this happen, the soundness has gone out of life." We both instinctively realized that Mao Tse Tung and Nikita Khrushchev were just not people with whom you could honestly

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1. Of course, while I have the greatest respect for those editors, this should not imply that this publication is the only esteemed one, for the field of publishing, as I well know, contains many such similarly esteemed enterprises.

2. Some say that I was foolish to write that book and to reveal so much of myself in it. I resoundingly say "no" to that shortsighted (though perfectly legitimate) view. I think that the people should know the hearts and minds of those who would wish to lead them, even though it may hurt the individual involved.

3. I want to disclaim any notion that my personal tribulations – and frankly there is no better word for them – as outlined in that book will offer guidance to anyone else. We must all steadily ascend from the valley of despair to the mountains of hope on our own lonely paths. I only hope that, as we climb, we can occasionally wave at one another at those rare moments when we glimpse each other. That is the only point in connection with my book that I have to make.

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deal. I recall his fleeting smile[4] as he mused about the probable effect a good law firm would have on those gentlemen. "Less sloppy thinking," he would chortle. "But I'm afraid they can't pay our fees." That was a particularly good example of his uncanny ability to blend astuteness with humor.

Gradually we began to meet socially. I would say to Pat, "Pat, let's invite the Mitchells down to dinner some night. I know you'd like them." And Pat would say effervescently, "Do you think that they'd want to come into the city? Isn't it sort of slumming for them?" Of course, the proper though lighthearted response to that was, "Don't be silly. Just because we live in a city doesn't mean we live in a slum. Imagine if Nelson overhead you!"[5]

At our dinner parties, John would regale us with stories about his life in prep school. Although he didn't drink much, he wasn't the John Mitchell of Wall Street fame then; he was just "Jack" to us all. Hard to believe, but he played pranks on his teachers — something I never did — and would occasionally "murphy" a roommate's bed. Hearing about the warmth and camaraderie of those days, I would occasionally wander off into reverie. Would I have been another John Mitchell had I gone to private, rather than public, schools? Would I have matured as rapidly as he, had I had those stimulating, never to be forgotten, never to be relived, experiences? Until I entered public life, I really wasn't sure of myself, where I was going. John, of course, knew right in prep school just what his future would be. But I think that we have both led interesting lives, anyway. Perhaps mine would have been more interesting earlier had I gone to prep school – that is all I meant to imply.

It was at one of those gala dinners that John first hinted that I should return to politics. He, freshened with a martini, looked penetratingly at me and said (and I'll never forget those words), "Dick, your absence from American political life is America's loss, not yours." Immediately, several of the other guests (mostly younger members of our law firm: Pat and I have always been interested in meeting a great variety of people) agreed. Both Pat and I were touched — I might say, deeply touched. I replied fumblingly and mentioned something about the people having spoken in both the nation and California. He solemnly nodded "no" and went on to observe that politics were cyclical. I had never thought of it in quite that way.

John was — and is — a curious blend of the Old and the New . . . the very best of both. When he became my top political adviser, he said that he was going to exhibit the real me to the rest of the country, and damn the consequences. I told him that that strong language accurately reflected my feelings and, as we shook hands, I knew that we had made a three-way pact — Mitchell, myself and fundamental honesty. He constantly reiterated our theme: "Like Caesar's wife, it is not enough to be sincere — you must appear to be sincere." I kept repeating that I knew what he meant but that I wanted it nailed down — and hard — that I was not to appear more youthful, more glib, or more anything which would be more popular but misleading. He often said, "That's all we want, Dick. To show you're sincere." He knew that I would reject the Presidency — even if I were elected—under insincere circumstances. I think that we kept that three-way pact and that we continue to keep it.

Nowhere was this more evident than in Mitchell's role in the selection of Spiro Agnew as my Vice-Presidential candidate. Although I sought advice from many people (my campaign was as open as my Presidency), John was by far the largest input. And I now want to tell you a story about John and Spiro that I don't think has ever appeared in print before.

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4. The term "fleeting" is only meant to apply to a smile that lasts for a short duration. It is not meant to convey the impression that he rarely smiles. It's just that he doesn't smile for very long at a given moment. And that's okay because there really isn't very much to smile about these days.

5. "Nelson" is, of course, Nelson Rockefeller, and he and his present wife are, of course, good friends of ours. We didn't see too much of them since he was then – as he is now – Governor; when they were in New York, they kept rather late hours. I would often see guests arriving for Nelson's parties when I returned from a hard day at the office. We would nod and make small talk such as, "Oh, Nelson never stops swinging, does he?" and "How does he ever get time to govern the state?" I would tell Pat that Nelson was kind to realize my overcrowded schedule and not to embarrass either of us with the pointless invitations to his parties. He, of course, is welcome to the White House any time, but my present hectic schedule does keep social contact to a minimum.

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One day, during the Republican convention, I decided that I wanted to get a sense of what Ted Agnew was all about, since this is very important. I asked him to come to my suite to chat. John was there with an enormous dossier on the man (and I want to publicly thank J. Edgar Hoover for providing that information) and we decided to place it on a table next to the chair in which Agnew was to sit. The large envelopes were titled "Agnew — Secret" and I wanted to see how he'd react to that. I believe in courage and coolness, though I recognize that it exists in varying proportions in different men. John and I were like children as we arranged the trap. We placed Agnew's chair in such a position that the sun would be in his eyes when he sat down (again, a warm thank you to Hoover for that one). This would make him more uncomfortable and we wanted to put some pressure on him.

Well, he came in reserved, dignified and, of course, quite imposing in appearance. I rose to greet him and he strode manfully toward me, right hand outstretched. John just looked at him, betraying nothing, just a part of the woodwork. Agnew didn't even notice him. Suddenly, Agnew fell — tripped over the loose carpet. He slid, just like Lou Brock (not only a great American — but a great Negro American) stealing a base. He quickly arose, smiled shyly and said, "I guess that's the first of *my* six crises." Well, the tension — what little there was of it — was broken; we all laughed. Agnew sat in the appointed spot and we talked earnestly and warmly for about 15 minutes. I think that I learned more about Spiro T. Agnew in those few minutes than I have ever learned about anyone in one year.[6] He spoke feelingly about his philosophy of government: progressive yet circumspect, with a willingness to listen to minorities but not to be governed by their impatience. John said very little, but I can tell you that he wasn't sleeping. He was sizing up Agnew as national material.

As we talked, I forgot about our little joke, so impressed was I with Agnew's deep analysis of the nature of American life and government. As he rose to leave after this bonhommie, I realized that he had not even spotted the dossier. I quickly recovered my wits, suspended as they had been during our candid talk, and asked him whether he would be kind enough to bring the files to me. He picked them up, treaded his way warily over the carpet, and had just about reached my side when he finally glanced down at them. For a long second he said nothing, seemed startled, and then, obviously perplexed, said, "Well, I see that they don't call you 'Tricky Dick' for nothing." Now, I don't like that nickname for many reasons and, in fact, I get quite angry when I hear it. I thought that he had committed a monstrous gaffe; he mumbled something quickly and then left. I was seething within (although I think I hid it well) and was about to say something to Mitchell when he cut me off. With a Giaconda smile, he said, "Well, that boy sure has courage." I looked questioningly at him and then began to laugh heartily. Now you know why Spiro Agnew is Vice-President of the United States and John Mitchell is my Attorney-General.

This brief glimpse of Mitchell in action should convince the reader that his personal qualities of distinction can readily be translated into public performance. On the translatability test, he scores perfectly. He is sentimental without being a sentimentalist; he has warmth without weakness; he exhibits compassion but not condescension. As Attorney-General, he has translated well.

First of all, he shares my philosophy that Americans in 1968 wanted a reaffirmation of themselves. They did not want either a Choice or an Echo[7] but a Resonance. I represented that Resonance and Mitchell represented *my* Resonance.

What more can be said of this man? What can I do but list his accomplishments — accomplishments achieved, I might add, under the influence not of drugs or marijuana but just good old sleep, 12 hours of it each and every night. (John has often said that if Americans got as much sleep as he, the drug problem would vanish. An obvious wit-

6. This, of course, is not meant to imply that Agnew has only 15 minutes' worth of depth; nobody has that little, but only that his qualities are not hidden by superficial layers of sophistication.

7. Perhaps some of my friends, including the distinguished Junior Senator from Arizona, will take umbrage over the Choice-Echo language. It's not that Echo is more important than Choice — I have always endorsed Choice wherever possible — but that Resonance combines the best features of both and ultimately goes beyond both. However, I do not now wish to go into deeper philosophical questions.

ILLUSTRATION BY STAN MACK

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ticism, for even when John sleeps, his mind is active; he never truly sleeps.)

First, I want to talk about the business of the "guidelines," the desegregation guidelines about which much misinformation has been spread. I don't like that word. I have never believed that Morality can be quantified, and that is all the guidelines did. Just as I have made it a policy never to interfere in natural economic processes by imposing wage and price guidelines, so I shall not interfere in natural social processes. Let me quote you in its entirety John Mitchell's memorandum on the subject — and this is another "first":

> "So-called 'guidelines' are (a) unrealistic and (b) unworkable. Integration is our goal, but we must first achieve integration of heart before we can hope for integration of body."

This remarkable document will unquestionably rank with others as a significant restatement of the American Credo.[8] Certainly, it constitutes the Nixon Credo. It's uncanny, but sometimes I think that John Mitchell understands me better than I understand myself.

Apart from the guidelines business, Mitchell's most famous pronouncements are in the area of criminal justice. And I want to say something about this area. We must have Law, Order and Justice under Law and Order. I don't use "code words" (and isn't "guideline" itself a code word?); I use simple, hard-hitting words with everyday, common sense definitions. I wouldn't call wholesale capitulation to the criminal forces in America "Justice." John once nailed it down beautifully at a Cabinet meeting: "Any two-bit lawyer can tell you that a Bill of Rights isn't a Bill of Wrongs, of Wrongs to Society." He has frequently stopped me during my busy schedule to share a brief insight. As we walk through those lonely alabaster White House corridors, he says things such as:

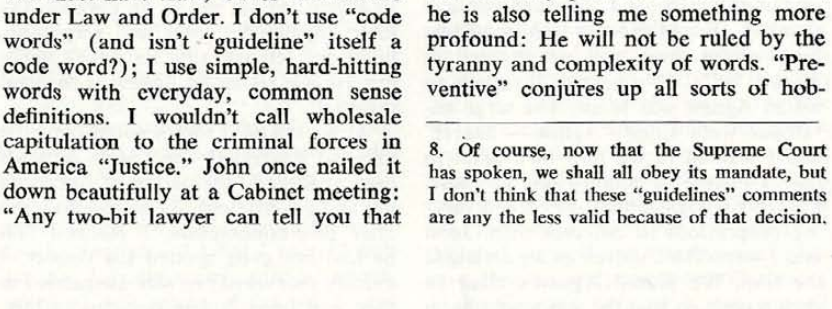
> "You know, R.N., I think that if a criminal really thought about it, he would say, 'Damnit, I'm not going to insist on my rights if they endangered Society's fundamental right to exist. I'm going to give up those technical rights. I'm still enough of a human being to know which right is more important."

Statements like that cast a new aura on my frequently frantic days. They give me a new perspective on my job and my mind churns over with images: I can almost see that criminal in a great room talking to the rest of America and I can see John earnestly convincing him to waive his rights so that he too would have a role to play in American life. We in public life often overlook the broader perspectives that make our immediate actions comprehensible; John is a man of both broad perspective and comprehensible action.

When John tells me that America needs a strong but humane (and let us not say, fatalistically, that the two cannot co-exist) preventive detention law, he is also telling me something more profound: He will not be ruled by the tyranny and complexity of words. "Preventive" conjures up all sorts of hob-

8. Of course, now that the Supreme Court has spoken, we shall all obey its mandate, but I don't think that these "guidelines" comments are any the less valid because of that decision.





"What next, Doc?"

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goblins to many, hobgoblins of "security manias," of "police states," of mistaken imprisonment of the innocent without bail. And I say we have enough hobgoblins in America. We in this administration deal with reality, not with fantasy, and it is realistic to say that we should get dangerous people off the streets because we know that human conduct is repeatable. I think that's all that John Mitchell means by preventive detention.

Drugs are also hobgoblins — and more — and that is why we are against them. They are filth and they corrupt the young, and Pat and I have fought all our lives against pornography and filth in any form. John knows that the drug life is the unproductive life. He has undoubtedly had moments (as I have had) when he wanted to retreat from the tensions of modern day living (though they are rare moments, indeed, for he so obviously relishes modern day living) and just sit and stare and take life easy. I think that purposeful activity leads to happiness at some point. I think that I'm a lot closer to the goal of happiness than I have ever been — even as Vice-President — and a lot closer than drug addicts are likely to be. I think that we are "hard liners" on drugs; I think the American people prefer us to be "hard liners" than their children to be "main liners."

A great deal of misunderstanding — and that is the charitable term for it — has arisen about John's role in foreign policy. Many of my critics — and their sincerity is unquestioned, at least by me — have thought of him as the "gray eminence" in my administration. I will concede the "eminence" part (I am sure John appreciates being called "gray," for other reasons) but I must emphasize that he does not dictate — or even influence — foreign policy. I, not he, faced down Khrushchev in the kitchen; I, not he, was victimized by thugs in Venezuela; I, not he, carefully researched American history for my articles in *Reader's Digest*. Now, I do value his hard-headedness, and when I asked him, "What the hell do we do about those Cambodian sanctuaries?", I was — and I say this in absolute truth — thrilled by his quiet forcefulness when he softly answered, "What the hell do we do about any criminal sanctuaries? We send in the cops." That was the nub, that was the succint distillation of my own (not inconsiderable) experience, my own researches. That was, if I might again say, my Resonance.

I told him, "John, I know I'm right, but I want to ask you as my lawyer, am I legal in going into Cambodia?" Once again, that marvelous smile and the clipped, biting, but oh-so-thoughtful reply, "Mr. President, that's one area where the Supreme Court hasn't tied our hands. I'll have a memo on it to you tomorrow. Maybe I'll have the boys in the Civil Rights division do it. They're always complaining about not getting enough work." I want to say that the ensuing laughter relieved a great deal of the strain I was undergoing that fateful week. I have always known that laughter is a balm. History will judge whether my Cambodian action was right; that much I will accept. But I say this: Today — right now — we can judge (and judge affirmatively) John Mitchell's statemanship in that adventure.

I want to close this essay with the briefest mention of the Haynsworth and Carswell matters. Together, they constituted the gravest crises I faced as your President. The Haynsworth nomination was unique in that it was my first *joint* crisis. Heretofore, all of my crises had been individual and I had to face them alone, but this crisis was shared by John. I was doubly fortunate when the second nomination became an outstanding example of how to handle both consecutive and joint crises. Although some will say we lost, here's why we were not defeated.

As you know, John recommended Haynsworth and Carswell to me. Frankly, I had never heard of either of them before, but, as we all know, there are numerous toilers in the judicial vineyards. They don't get into the public eye often; they just mind their own judicial business — and this is both right and good. I told John, when he undertook the search for a potential Supreme Court Justice, that I didn't want an "eminent" or "distinguished" man for the job. "Eminence" and "distinction" are often



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bought at the price of stability and soundness and I say that that price is too high a price. I don't want a phrasemaker on the Supreme Court and John has often wisely observed that clever phrases more often conceal than reveal.[9] *When John told me that both men* were of integrity, I thought, "How much we have forgotten the simple meaning of those oh-so-very-important words." At that very moment, I knew that Haynsworth and Carswell had achieved those modest (yet deep) dimensions very few of us in public life attain. Oh, there are the Eisenhowers, of course, the Dirksens, the Maurice Stanses, and yes, I am proud to say, the John Mitchells, but they are a rare breed indeed.

I think History will vindicate the correctness of my decision to fight for these jurists. I will admit that I had my doubts, that I even faltered (or, at least, hesitated), but I want you to know that at each step, there was John, strong, confident, unyielding, knowing that he was — that is, *we* were — in the right. When John told me that he did not fully check out Judge Haynsworth's financial dealings, I knew that he was expressing his deep conviction that it would be an indefensible slur on a man's character to accuse him of voting as a judge to defend his own economic interests. We in this administration do not slur people, we do not assassinate character. Besides, as men who have been in business as well as politics, we knew that the very fact that the Judge had become wealthy while on the bench conclusively disproved his critics' attacks. It simply wasn't worth it to a man of his means. What would we have gained? If I have anything to say about it, the American people have not yet heard the last of Clement Haynsworth and Harrold Carswell.

I might also say that they have not heard the last of John Mitchell. He is at his best when the going gets rough; in fact, he is more often than not better than his best. John and I have been through a lot together. We have faced the storms. And what is Life if not a series of Storms? The sea is never still, the furies never abate for long. I may be your captain of this Ship of State, but I want you to know that John Mitchell is your sturdy helmsman. His mental and moral pipe is always lit and whatever the buffeting of the tides, it will never be extinguished. □

9. How often has John shook his leonine head and sighed, "God, how could Theodore Roosevelt have appointed Holmes to the Supreme Court? That 'clear and present danger' language is simply killing our attempts to fight internal subversion." Although I may not entirely agree with that analysis – and I reserve my right to disagree – I still respect the wealth of historical input that underlies it.

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"Of course, I may be wrong — but that's my privilege."

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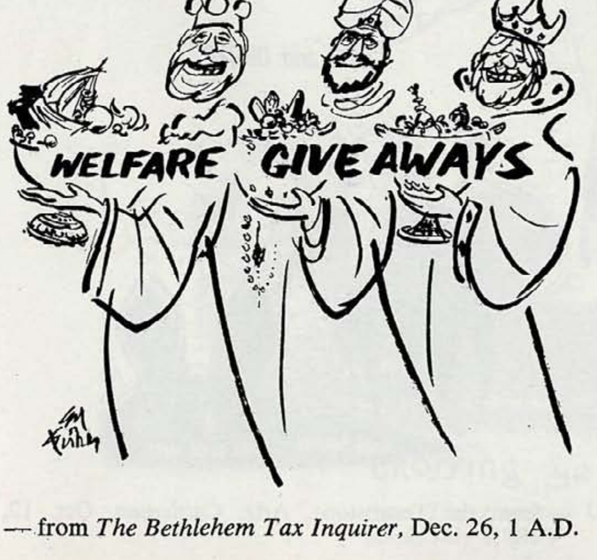
ANTIQUE EDITORIAL THUNDER



—from *The Athens Potsherd,* Citizens Against War and City-Statism, 500 B.C.

By Ed Fisher

The Political Cartoon Through History



—from *The Bethlehem Tax Inquirer,* Dec. 26, 1 A.D.



—from *The Nurenburg Jahrbüch of Pre-Linear Thinking,* June 27, 1460.

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—from *The Salamanca University School of Social Work Bulletin,* June 12, 1492.



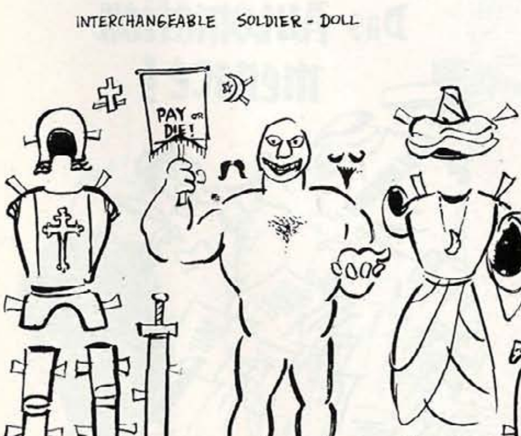
"Very well, since you have attacked us, we shall have to defend ourselves!"

—from *The Jutland Patriot,* March 4, 890 A.D.



"LET'S TALK IT OVER PEACEFULLY, SHALL WE?"

—from *The Hominid Defender,* Lascaux, ca. 40,000 B.C.



"DRESS ME FOR THE HOLY WARS"

—from the *People's Times of Central Armenia,* June 7, 1180.

"LAW and ORDER"



—from the Tombstone, Ariz. *Cattleman,* Oct. 12, 1871.

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"NOW WHAT'S ALL THIS YOU LITTLE CHAPS ARE UP TO?"
— from *The Windsor Loyalist*, June 7, 1215

A NEW PLAGUE FROM THE DESERT

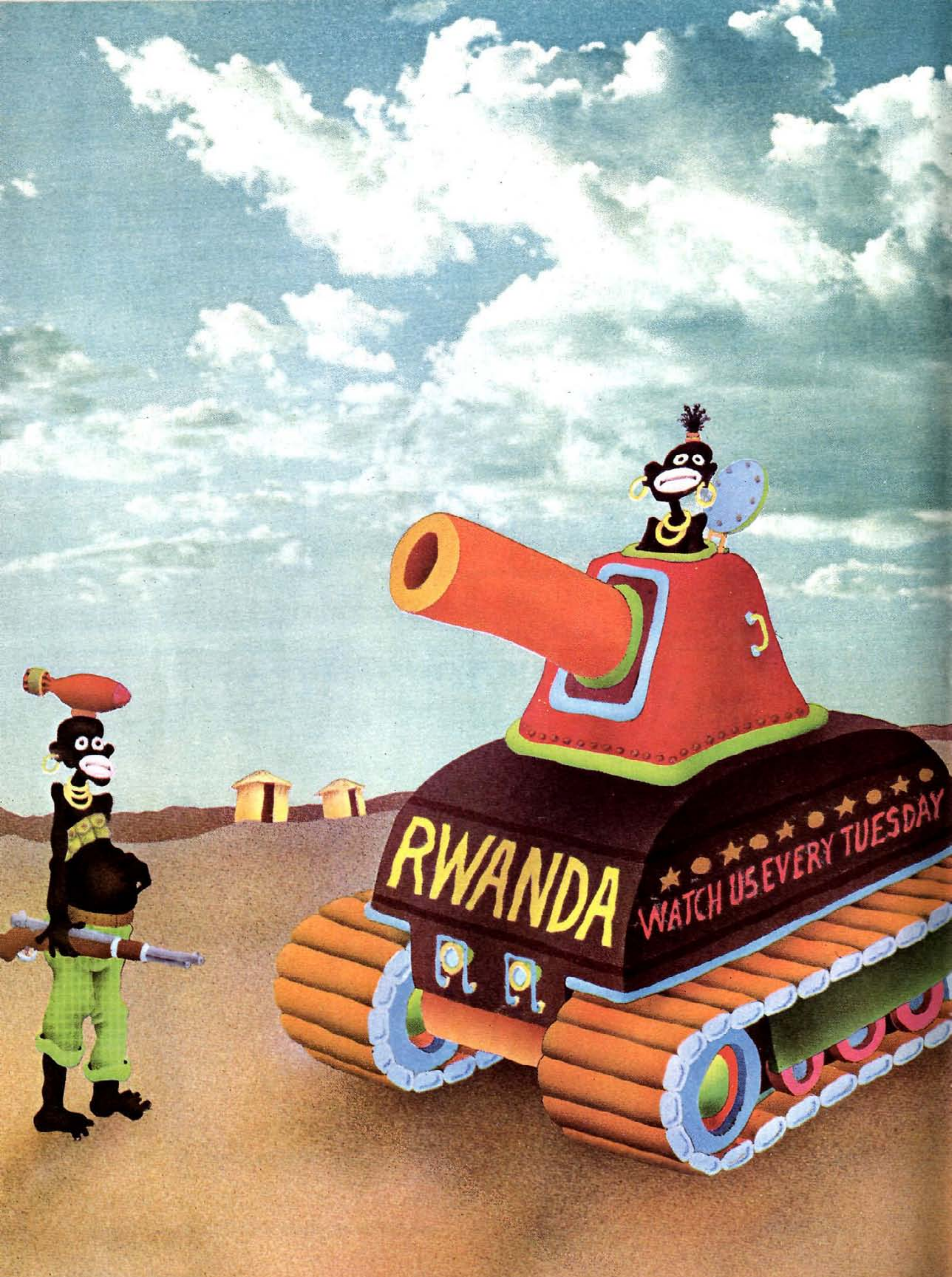


— from *The Heliopolis Defender*, 1351 B.C.



"Croffing ye Styx"
— from *The Hartford Underground Student's Hornbook*, July 4, 1779

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A Nice Little Renewable War

By Ralph Schoenstein

If you put the Vietnam War on ABC, it would be cancelled in 13 weeks.
—Milton Berle

What I'd like, General, is 5 to 10 minutes of good fire fighting for the evening news.
—An ABC Correspondent

TO: George Meals, Vice-President for Programming
FROM: Arnold Siegel, Staff Producer

Something happened at our Pittsburgh affiliate last night that gave me a hell of an idea for a network series. Their 11 o'clock news had some film of a woman being mugged, raped and set on fire — you know, the standard stuff — and the station got between 800 and 900 calls to have the spot re-run in prime time so that everyone could see it. There's a new family market for violence, George, and we just can't ignore it.

Here's the idea: *We package our own war*. We line up a couple of countries that wouldn't mind marketing their belligerency and then we get exclusive rights to a prime time combat package. We might have to agree to give them some writers and a director and maybe even some technical people, but if we get the right countries, the thing'll really take off. We should stage it much closer to here than Asia so that transportation costs are low — maybe Africa, South America, or Baja California. The viewers are really tired of all-Chinese wars; they just can't identify. And if the war weren't in Asia, we'd have the built-in appeal of the precious value of Western life.

Sponsorship would be a natural for companies like Continental Quicklime and National Casket that have trouble buying time on *My Three Sons*. And the Napalm division of Du Pont would probably love to go into a family violence setup.

George, the appetite for violence is there — it'll *always* be there in real Americans — and the Asian stock footage just isn't feeding it, even the new stuff from Thailand and Burma. You're aware, of course, that the affiliates are starting to run Indochina after the sports and weather. Vietnam has *never* been the kind of programming that makes the agencies sing; it's never had the drama of Korea. Thirty thousand have already been killed over there, and for *what?* The ratings stink. We need something really original for the blow-'em-up buffs, something where you can really get to *know* the enemy and enjoy his annihilation. Viewers are just sick and tired of an enemy hiding in the jungle for 10 years. Too many of them remember the good old days when burning Japs used to jump out of the caves on Okinawa. Our Cleveland affiliate says if they don't get something better soon, they're going to switch to cockfighting. Ashley is offering a Cuban package that includes the chickens *and* Howard Cosell.

Just imagine the nostalgia we'd have going for us, George, if we put on a war where you could actually see the fighting. Should I try to find two unfoliated countries that are interested?

TO: Arnold Siegel
FROM: George Meals

A packaged war is a damn viable idea. Not only that, but it'll work. We *do* need something closer and fresher than Indochina, Arnie, and your plan for a private conflict is inspired. It's having to compete with all those professional newsmen that gives our boys so much trouble in covering these things. For us to make an impact, a war just has to be a closed set.

Get me answers at once to the following:

— Could the war be fought in short, dramatic installments with cliff-hangers and sustained for more than 13 weeks without a truce?

— Could we keep the UN from meddling? Maybe we could hold them off by giving some free spots to UNICEF.

— Would the war start any kind of marching or dynamiting in America? Could both students and construction workers stay neutral and just take it as a sporting event?

— Could the leaders of both belligerent nations guarantee network exclusivity?

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— Would AFTRA and SAG hold still for the total use of scab militants?

— What are approximate above- and below-the-line costs?

— Could we work in blacks, Indians or some other hot minority?

In picking your belligerents, Arnie, try to get countries whose conflict would be unexpected. I mean, don't give me Israel versus Egypt or America versus Asia or any other tired old stuff. Let's give the viewers a real surprise — like Italy versus Vatican City. Or something in South America because of the great affection for El Exigente. Napalming his plantation would have one sweet audience pull.

Keep this project top secret, Arnie, and get back to me fast with a suggested development. *Life* could easily come up with the same idea.

Kampala, Uganda
November 3, 1970

Dear Mr. Siegel:

I cordially accept your invitation to stage a prime time war exclusively for your network between Uganda and a selected East African co-belligerent for $750,000, the winner to receive a bonus of $250,000 providing that no victory occurs before 39 weeks of fighting.

I further agree that after 39 weeks, the network shall have the option to renew the carnage for another 39 weeks at the same rates no matter how peace-prone, rebellious or decimated the troops may be.

And I also agree that the network shall have all subsidiary rights to the hostilities and that no Ugandan soldiers will do any free-lance dying for any other media.

You ask how I can guarantee exclusivity for your network. Well, I have a little plan that should work nicely: People from other networks will be shot. So, make sure that all your correspondents wear blazers with your company letters.

May I suggest as an enemy our neighbor Rwanda, which could certainly use the money now that leaf blight has hit their hashish crop. Rwanda may be hard for your announcers to pronounce, but one of its citizens works in the mailroom at the William Morris Agency, so the deal might be easier to make.

In addition to being a country where no news media has any regular coverage, Rwanda could also give you a truly photogenic cast: Watusis, who are all Wilt Chamberlains; Batwas, who are all pygmies; and Bahutus, who are your average bush blacks.

There's no other enemy that would make a better show. Kenya has good viewer identification — it would be lovely to blow up William Holden's hotel — but I'm afraid we couldn't hold out against them long enough to give you even 13 weeks. I know we'd make civil rights points by attacking Rhodesia, but those sons of bitches wouldn't be fighting for just the ratings. And I'd love to invade Ethiopia, but Haile Selassie is too senile for a deal like this.

Rwanda is the answer. Of course, since we have nothing against them and they have nothing against us, it may be tough to come up with Medal of Honor winners, but a good director could do a lot to supply incentive.

An African war that doesn't involve children should be a real treat for your viewers. They also must be tired of seeing Negroes just baiting judges and shooting policemen. This war will give your viewers all the thrills of urban rioting without their losing friends or tax dollars. And with the African background thrown in for animal nuts, it's got everything.

You might want to re-costume the Ugandan army. Right now, the boys look a little like mailmen. Of course, that might be a nice touch. I mean, last year in America, soldiers delivered the mail, so now people might get a kick out of seeing mailmen at war. If you do want new costumes, my brother-in-law runs an Army-Navy store in Marrakesh and he could give you a terrific deal on some colorful stuff.

Yours most sincerely,

Momo Cadenza
Prime Minister, Uganda

Kigali, Rwanda
November 9, 1970

Dear Mr. Siegel:

We accept your generous offer to fight Uganda exclusively for your network for the fee you proposed. You ask about our track record with wars. Well, I must admit that it's hardly Napoleonic. We've had only a civil war and since that one was with ourselves, I really don't know how to score it. So, maybe you'd better pencil us in as the losers.

But please don't worry: No matter how the script is written, we'll give you a lively performance. Our people are basically a restless and surly bunch who'll be delighted to have such a lucrative outlet for the violence that usually takes the form of wife and sheep beating.

If it's possible, I would like to arrange to fight part of the war in Uganda and part in Rwanda — sort of a home-and-home series — so that neither place gets too torn up.

Very truly yours,

Keno Ogumba
Prime Minister, Rwanda



"Uh, uh, uh, Comrade Vinh! We don't knock off our social democrats until after Phase 4."

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TO: George Meals
FROM: Arnold Siegel

I've got us a war that'll grab an Emmy! Uganda and Rwanda — *both* virgin belligerents — will have a go at it just for us. A real surprise conflict with absolutely no connection to Communism and chock full of new faces.

Uganda and Rwanda — just listen to that *title*, George: It sounds like a great old ballroom dance team. *The Uganda-Rwanda Hour*. It'll make the viewers over 40 nostalgic as hell. Maybe we could even have Glen Miller disappear again.

Now's here the deal: We can get the whole talent part of the package — that's two general staffs, 900,000 troops and a smidgen of ammo — for $1,250,000 plus expenses. The Uganda talent will be $750,000 and the Rwanda $500,000. (I pulled a little coup with Rwanda because I had an inside tip that their hashish crop had failed.) I've promised a $250,000 bonus to the winner, George, but there might not even be a winner because they have nothing against each other, so our extra 250 could be safe. I figured that some incentive dough would be a good idea; but if you don't like it, I can try to drop it from the final contract. I could probably withdraw it because Rwanda says they wouldn't mind losing.

The Ugandan Prime Minister, a guy named Cadenza, is a real operator. He even has connections at William Morris, but I've told him we won't need any outside packaging. He's also a bit of a thief (he's got a kickback deal with his brother-in-law on uniforms), but he's free enterprise all the way — in other words, a thief like Chiang, Thieu and those other anti-Commies that viewers like to see holding the dominoes overseas.

An all-black war has terrific potential, George. Middle America loves to see blacks going down. It'll be kind of a bloody *Amos 'n' Andy* — which just happened to be the most popular show in radio history. And if we have script trouble and the war starts to drag, we can always send over Lena Horne to visit the troops. In fact, she and Flip Wilson could go at Christmas, when we'd declare a moratorium and make the show a variety hour.

TO: Arnold Siegel
FROM: George Meals

Okay, let's do it with Uganda and Rwanda. Not *The Uganda-Rwanda Hour* but *The Uganda-Rwanda Show*. Just 30 minutes if they don't have anything to fight about that week. Remember that whatever load they shoot has to carry through our whole spring schedule. We don't want to have to pad with stock footage from Nigeria.

So, it'll be a half hour once a week, probably at 9 or 9:30. We don't want it too close to either the 7 or 11 news or people will lose track of which war is news and which is entertainment. To underscore the fun of the thing, I'd like Archer to whip up some kind of catchy theme song along the lines of "Nothing could be grander than the dander of Uganda in the morning." Something like that – not with "morning," of course; we'd need the right time of the show.

I'd like your thoughts, Arnie, on which of two ways we should produce the war. We can either have the two countries fight all week while we keep taping and then edit it down to the highlights, or we can have them fight just once a week for a half hour if we think both the armies have a good sustained take in them. Of course, a lot will depend on the director. No matter how he works, I want him to use *visible battle lines*, something the older viewers get very sentimental about. The old-fashioned appeal is important. Let's go heavy on infantry in a humanized way — disembowling, hemorrhaging, all the stuff that made *M.A.S.H.* such a hit — and let's skip the impersonal stuff like rockets and missiles.

I'd also like to see the whole thing tied together by a host — not a newsman like Cronkite but a personality who'd make the bloodshed even more fun for family audiences. We're up against this damn peace movement, Arnie, and folks who really love violence are being conned out of it. The Advertising Council even has an ad that says "With all the hate and the indifference to war . . ." Well, there *is* too much indifference to war and this show will be bucking it. So, we need even *more* than the killing going for us and that's why I'd like a popular hawk as the host. See if Bob Hope or Oral Roberts is available.

Have Archer, Grintzer and Rittenhouse start working on all this right away — top secret, of course — and then get right back to me. National Casket would be okay, but we might consider a sale to either Borden's or Schick. We need a company that's never had any interest in peace.

TO: Arnold Siegel
FROM: Hamilton Archer, Director of Press Relations

Arnie, it'll be the greatest show since Ruby cooled Oswald! And that was only a *one*-shot. Imagine having something like this to look forward to every week: a war that America has absolutely nothing to do with but enjoy. No sending of advisers, no sending of arms, *nothing*.

continued



"Sorry, no, but if you folks ever get up around Merton-Indiana-way, you come by to supper with Mother and me."

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Even *Agnew* wouldn't want to get involved with two places that sound like an Italian law firm.

You know, we could use the sound of the countries for some cute promos — things like:

Uganda, Rwanda, standa and fight
While we take a gander on each Tuesday night.

Of course, even though it's an all-fun war, we're still bound to get some static from the college kids and peaceniks, but any demonstrations against the war will be a million bucks' worth of publicity. I mean, suppose the kids at Princeton decide to blow up the library to bring peace to Uganda. Well, the other networks will have to cover it and they'll be promoting *our war.*

We'll have to be very damn careful, Arnie, that there's no negative feedback on our staging a war. I don't have to tell you it could be embarrassing. *Scanlan's* just exposed CBS for financing an invasion of Haiti so they could shoot a documentary there. And it's just a matter of time before some smartass writer finds out that the Bay of Pigs was underwritten by Joe Levine. So, we'll have to come up with a damn good explanation for why the war is blacked out on the other networks.

And one other thing: In *this* war, let's get all the cockamamie names straight in advance. The most irritating thing about the My Lai massacre was all the different names that people were calling the place. The goddamn town was My Lai 4 and Song My 2 and Bali Ha'i 69 all at once. If we don't have consistency in our Uganda massacres, then there's just no point in having them.

TO: Arnold Siegel
FROM: Rupert Grintzer, Director of Operations

Make sure that the contracts forbid surrender in the 39th episode, Arnie, or else renewal will be tricky – and this should be a nice little renewable war. I'd like to see an offbeat cliff-hanger every week — like a village that's about to be burned down because they suspect all the whores are spies or a mortar attack that's about to be misdirected at a neutral orphanage or a trap that's about to be sprung on draftees escaping to Libya.

We definitely shouldn't have the five or 10 writers that all our shows seem to be carrying these days. Just one writer should do a rough story line each week — like "Ugandans sack and burn Rwandan hospital" or "Rwandans in retaliatory rape of Ugandan women and sheep" — and then the director and troops can wing it.

By the way, since they're African countries, why don't we use some topless dames? Sort of *National Geographic* girls back home — except we'd weed out the anthropological ones and just go with the better boobs. I'd like to see us get the added publicity of breaking the bra barrier on TV.

Both the uniforms and the ammunition should be amortized on trade deals, Arnie. Using Cadenza's relatives for uniforms is positively out. We're not paying cash for any second-hand shit from Marrakesh when we can get Brooks Brothers-class on a straight advertising trade. Same with the ammo. Let's see if Interarmco would like some free spots in exchange for the stuff we'd need. I know we couldn't put commercials for land mines just anywhere in the schedule, but I think they could go in place of the cigarette spots we've lost on an equal danger principle.

Tell Meals that I don't know yet if AFTRA and SAG will let the troops be scabs or if they'll all have to join up. I really hope it's scab or else we'll be getting into overtime for long battles and coffee breaks during invasions and shop stewards bucking for field commissions and all kinds of crap like that. And with a union, all the soldiers injured would be entitled to workmen's compensation as company employees. The whole business of liability will have to carefully studied by legal. For example, can the network be held liable by the families of men killed in action? I'm really just hand-grenading all this, so toss it back to me.

One big protection for the network's exclusivity is there's no way Nixon can involve the United States. Although we'd better just check to see if Bebe Rebozo owns anything in Uganda.

The Pentagon
Washington, D.C.
December 7, 1970

Dear Mr. Siegel:

We of the Motion Picture Liaison Office are pleased to learn of your forthcoming network series, *Kate Smith Presents the Uganda-Rwanda Show*. We have staged a few fire fights for Howard K. Smith, but we wish we had thought of Kate.

You can expect our full cooperation in your production, even though neither side is American. Unfortunately, it looks as though America won't be involved in any new wars for a while, so our office is diverting its funds into free-lance work. We were recently offered a chance to co-produce an invasion of Syria for a Hadassah theater party, but we try to avoid closed circuit entertainment.

You ask if we can offer you the same assistance that we gave to Mr. Zanuck in the filming of *Tora Tora Tora*. Well, do you see any way to work the Seventh Fleet into your script? I am not an African affairs man, but a quick glance at the map tells me that your two belligerents might make better use of the 82d Airborne Division. My deputy, Major Geiger, will send you detailed instructions for the proper way to borrow and return it. Please try to keep the casualties down. Any public relations problem could affect our appropriations.

Sincerely,

Milton Mack
Colonel, USA

TO: George Meals
FROM: Arnold Siegel

Here's the rough story line, George.

First 13 weeks: Uganda invades Rwanda in a sneak and pointless attack on Martin Luther King's birthday and maintains a strong but not deeply penetrating offensive, developing individual heroes while Rwanda suffers colorful losses.

Second 13 weeks: Rwanda mounts a stirring counterattack with the help of pygmy mercenaries and the 82d Airborne Division. The Pentagon insists that the boys of the 82d be identified as Americans, so I'm afraid we'll have to say that they were caught over there while on safari or else while looking for Eldridge Cleaver.

Third 13 weeks: Uganda strikes back by going after the Rwandan sanctuaries in Ethiopia. I think that Ethiopia should be introduced by the 37th or 38th installment, George, just in case we have to fire one of the stars at renewal.

Kampala, Uganda
December 29, 1970

Dear Mr. Siegel:

By the way, are all our production costs supposed to be covered by your fee, or do you want us to put things like blood plasma on the expense account?

Yours most sincerely,

Momo Cadenza
Prime Minister, Uganda

□

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EIGHT DAYS THAT SHOOK WOOK, IOWA

THE ASSASSINATION OF VICE PRESIDENT SPIRO T. AGNEW

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A Nation Learns of Its Loss



to plan the annual "April in a Coma" Benefit Ball. They are, from left, Mrs. Arthur Herbivor, Mrs. Solomon Glitz, Mrs. Roger Damon.

WOMAN IN ALASKA HAS PET OYSTER

ANCHORAGE, Alaska, Oct. 4 — Mrs. John T. Richards has a very unusual pet — a fully grown, 2-pound bluepoint oyster named George. According to Mrs. Richards, the mollusk is a good companion and can perform many tricks.

Mrs. Richards obtained the bivalve when her husband, a commercial fisherman, brought home a barrel of what he thought were common clams.

VICE-PRESIDENT AGNEW ASSASSINATED

Shot in Foot at Fund Dinner Much of Nation Mourns

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 5 — Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew was assassinated here today while *addressing a fund-raising dinner* for retarded Shriners.

The Vice-President appears to have been the victim of one or more gunmen who shot him severely in the foot. An early autopsy, however, revealed several other minor contusions apparently caused by forks and spareribs by forks and spareribs by forks and spareribs by forks.

Agnew, a tall, distinguished-looking man in his 50's, was Richard Nixon's running mate in the 1968 Presidential race and was probably best-known for his outspoken and widely quoted attacks on liberal groups.

In the confusion immediately following the assassination, at least 15 people claimed responsibility for the act. The self-admitted assassins were reportedly arrested by local police officials and congrat

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He Who Died



Frame 32 of Harry's film shows the Vice-President seconds after the fatal shot, with the controversial ice pick unmistakably lodged in his head.

They Who Did It



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL SULLIVAN

At the Springfield Police Station, several of the self-confessed assassins, whose claims of involvement in the assassination could not be immediately disproved, are held for questioning.

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America Mourns Her Fallen Veep



Stunned crowds on New York's Fifth Avenue react with shock and disbelief.



Mrs. Agnew arrives in Springfield, Mass.

WASHINGTON POST
OBIT 14: ELECTD OFFCL (MALE)

It was with deep regret that this publication learned of the death of *Spiro T. Agnew*. He will long be remembered both for his warm personality and his dedication to constructive legislation.

Born in *18 1903*, the *3rd* child of *Greek* parents, *Spiro* displayed an early interest in public affairs according to his peers. Often referred to at school as *Spiggy* his whole academic career was *adequate* in a way that was later to stand him in good stead.

Elected *Governer* of *Maryland* in 19*64*, he began a long career of public service that culminated in his election as *Vice-President*. During his many years of office, his striking features became a familiar sight in *Des Moines* His declining years were devoted to *making speeches* and more often than not visitors would find him *making speeches*.

It was perhaps his diplomacy, prudence and unobtrusive, yet firm, flair for compromise that so marked him out among lesser men. All who knew him can only mourn and regret the *unexpected* illness which deprived the country of such a leader in these troubled times.

The Wook (Iowa) Sentinel Tribune and Weather Report

Our Veep

Once again the assassin's deadly hand has struck — this time a mere 723 miles away, at our beloved, quick-witted Veep. Like Caesar, Lincoln and our own Sheriff Jake Picklin, Spiro T. Agnew was cut down in the prime of his straight-talking life, long before he had completed his divinely ordained task of *ridding our land of beads and Roman sandals.*

What kind of a man was this? Well, this guy, aside from being Greek, was a real American. He spoke loud and he spoke tough. Wook'd be a lot better off with a Mayor like Spiro T. Agnew. He didn't use fancy words to try and fool you. He spoke to the real Americans — the hog farmers, the oil pressers, the bean pickers, the lard renderers — and all of us who have a restless urge to write. Not for him, silence; he could shout down any Goddamn pink New York Jew as soon as look at him. Packed a punch, too. He wasn't scared of no little yellow men nor of flowery H-bombs. But student commie violence was too much for him. He was one hand against a tide of hatred and that was that.

The Wook Sentinel Tribune and Weather Report demands immediate reprisals against the forces of darkness and violence that have perpetrated this great crime against this great Greek-American, and it firmly supports the President in any decision he may make to kill anybody. As the Veep himself said in his last speech, "The time has come to crush the mouth that bites the hand that feeds it."

GROUP PRESSES FOR ICE PICK CONTROL

WASHINGTON, OCT. 8 — In the wake of the assassination of Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew, a group of concerned citizens and lawmakers have announced the formation of a committee to work for stricter ice pick control laws.

The Washington-based group, tentatively *called the Committee for Responsible Blunt* Instrument Control Now, has issued an appeal for legislation making it a Federal crime to transport ice picks, railroad spikes, doorjambs and related objects in bulk across state lines without a permit.

WIDOW ASKS 100G'S FOR LIFE OF VEEP

Washington, October 8
Agents for Veep-wid Judy Agnew reported to be making rounds with 100G "Life of Veep" vid pic pickage. Studio prexies said to be uninterested in rights to weeper.



THE MORE THE MERRIER: Six more men, all claiming to be the sole assassin of Vice-President Spiro Agnew, have surrendered to Illinois police. If authorities are unable to shake their stories, the total number of self-confessed assailants will reach 41.

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The World Sends Its Regrets



Tributes From the Great and the Small

COL. GEORGE PAPADOPOULOS
"He had style."

EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE OF ETHIOPIA
"The world has lost a tall man."

LYNDON B. JOHNSON
"Another black page has been ripped from the history books by the hand of the assassin."

W. AVERELL HARRIMAN
"When you've seen one Vice-President, you've seen them all."

HARRY S. TRUMAN
"Thank God this kind of thing can no longer happen in this great and fertile land."

ASTRONAUT "GEEK" CONDRON
"First Kennedy and King, and now this."

HUBERT HUMPHREY
"I think this shows quite clearly that America is still a place where people are free to express their views openly and fully."

MRS. RICHARD NIXON
"We all share this terrible burden of shock and disgrief."

COMEDIAN BOB HOPE
"Our Cambodian Christmas tour will be dedicated to this great American."

PAOLO CARDINAL LAMBRETTA, PAPAL NUNCIO
"The Holy Father moderately deplores this act and is pleased to announce the elevation of St. Pythos the Charred to the alternate calendar."

POET ROD McKUEN
"I am in a great depression. He was the FDR of my New Deal."

MRS. AGNEW
"Every time I pass a '76' gas station, I can't help but think that is the year he would have been President."

PRESIDENT MAURICE TUBMAN OF LIBERIA
"I regarded him as a brother."

SPEECH WRITER FOR THE PRESIDENT, PAUL KEYES
"If you think that's funny, wait'll you hear about my psychiatrist."

MURRAY BERNSTEIN, Boston, Mass.
"At last his name has become a household word, like Saniflush."

JAMES TOLLIN, Madison, Wis.
"Does this make Nixon President?"

BILLY HARTUNG, Clay, Ala.
"I think we should bust up a couple of these liberals like Arthur Goldberg Jr. and William F. Brinkley just to set things straight."

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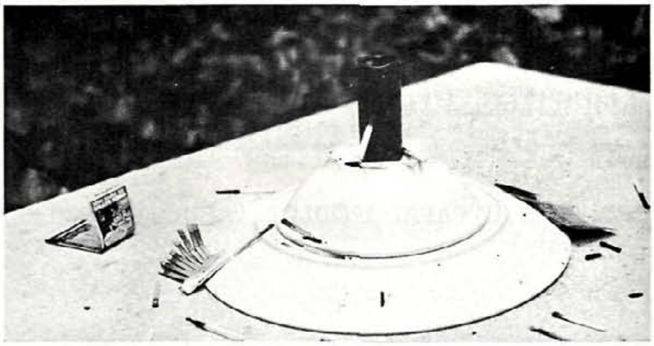
Farewell to the Veep



World leaders join in the funeral procession: From left, Nkama Nymbana, Minister of Electrification of Nigeria; The Hon. Roger Rice-Davies, Chief, British National Railways, Northern Division; Otto Springel, Minister of Tourism, Austria; Colonel Stefano Mousakos, Minister of Detention, Greece; Anselmo Tonosi, Superintendent, United Nations Buildings and Grounds (or Colonel Mikos Alopes, Minister of Information, Greece); Luigi Mencilli, Secretary of the Banco Tutti Debta, Milan; Pierre Buvait, Inspector of the Port of Brest.



The Vice-President lies in state in the Cathedral of St. Copraphagos the One-Eyed of Chad.



The eternal flame.



The funeral cortege passes numbed crowds.

VEEP WID SEEKS 12G'S FOR V-P VIDPIC PACT

Washington, October 11
Spokesmen for Veepwid Judy Agnew knocked 80 big G's off ask-price for epic eye-wetter. No takers, say filmdom gabbers.



ONE WHO GOT AWAY: Would-be assassin Charles Thenck got the boot from local cops today. Police Chief Tomlinson revealed Thenck was in Denver at the time of the crime and called his story "a fish tale."

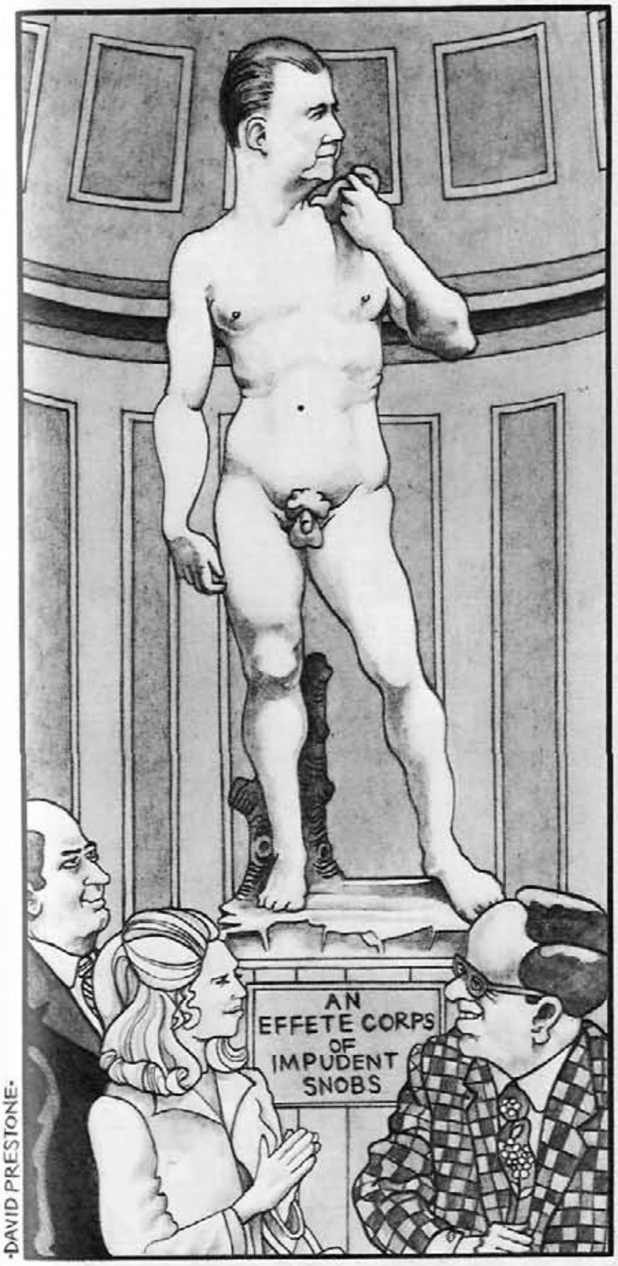
ICE-PICKMEN BLAST "HASTY" CONTROLS

DENVER, COLO., OCT. 7 — Carl Toland, president of the American Association of Ice Pick Manufacturers, and Simon Gount, head of Local 484 of the Amalgamated Icemen of America, issued a joint statement today criticizing "hasty and ill-advised" ice pick control laws.

Gount and Toland appealed to "men of reason" to reject attempts by what they termed "alarmist" groups to force legislation through Congress while emotions ran high. Gount expressed confidence that given a day or two to consider the matter, "cooler heads will prevail."

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Lest We Forget



Preliminary Plans for the Agnew Memorial in Baltimore, Md.

Memorabilia for the Vice-Presidential Library





As a result of President Nixon's proclamation of "a personal tribute and a living memorial" to Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew, the guards at the White House will shortly be garbed in uniforms much like these worn by the Greek Army. The costume is thought to date back to the Graeco-Turkish wars, when an entire regiment of Greek soldiers slipped through Turkish lines dressed as women.

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In Wook, Iowa, the Heart of America Responds

-2-

AND WE THE UNDERSIGNED FURTHER WISH THAT THIS TOWNSHIP, HERETOFORE REFERRED TO AS WOOK, SHALL BE HENCEFORTH KNOWN AS AGNEWVILLE AND THAT THE APPROPRIATE CHANGES SHALL BE MADE ON THE BIG SIGN ON ROUTE 45 AND THE SMALL ONE AT THE TOWN DUMP; AND THAT THE BILLBOARD ON THE EXPRESSWAY BE CHANGED FROM "WOOK RIGHT IN TO WOOK, IOWA" TO "AGNEWVILLE, WHERE INDUSTRIAL GROWTH IS OUR MIDDLE NAME."

Sam Sweetwater

X

Ha! Ha! I bet you thought I was signing this. On you!



Police Chief Sam Ferris jails the radical element. Ferris says the move was taken "to prevent bad feeling in these tense times."









Pictured above are some of the "assassins" who attended last night's rally in Madison Square Garden. The group, which is composed of people claiming to be responsible for the fatal shooting of Vice-President Agnew in Springfield last week, is planning more activities for the future.

The Woman's Where It's At!

by Peter Drivel

Assassinotes

Well, my goodness, who has suddenly become the most glam widow this side of a certain Greek yacht? And why is she purchasing so much zucchini lately? Could it possibly have anything to do with that dark-complexioned person everyone in Washington is hearing such a lot about? And is it true that her little spree to Bergdorf's was bankrolled by him (he just happens — exquisite taste! — to be an American shipowner) or did the Southern strategy pay off better than she thought? . . . Well, we're sure of one thing: She isn't funding any Gotham go-round on the token $65 she netted from the sale of a certain someone's life story to educational TV! A little bird told us that all this might just be a smoke screen. Same little bird said Judy's — whoops! — looking north to where the hot French blood cools it so carefully. . . . Some entente!

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Conclusions . . . And Controversy

REPORT OF THE BURGER COMMISSION TO THE NATION — 34

Findings of Commission (Summary)

This Commission, appointed by the President to investigate the events leading up to the death of Vice-President Agnew and to affix responsibility on the person or persons responsible, has examined numerous witnesses and pieces of evidence over a period of almost five days, amassing 1,287 pages of testimony.

In brief, it is the conclusion of the Commission that the Vice-President was the victim of one or more persons who may or may not still be at large. Although this case is complicated by the existence at the close of this inquiry of 174 self-confessed assassins, none of whose claims of complicity in the crime can be readily disproved, it is the Commission's judgment that there was no conspiracy involved in the Vice-President's death. At the same time, we cannot rule out the single-assassin theory.

The cause of death is another source of confusion. Initial autopsy reports and the testimony of several eyewitnesses indicate that the cause of death was a severe bullet wound in the right foot. However, after examination of additional evidence, including the remarkable film of the assassination taken by Harry X (last name unknown), and extensive testimony by medical experts, the Commission reached the conclusion that this type of wound could not have been fatal. Consequently, the cause of death must lie elsewhere.



PHOTOS: UPI

During the course of its investigation, the Commission discovered a hitherto unmentioned fact. There is overwhelming evidence that at the time of his death, the Vice-President had an ice pick in his head. The pick, of a kind commonly used for the reduction of block ice into cubes, granules and shavings, was lodged in the Vice-President's skull at a depth of approximately 3 inches (see film). It is therefore the judgment of the Commission that although the "fatal foot" theory cannot be entirely ruled out at this time, there is an adequate basis in existing fact to ascribe to the ice pick a strongly contributory role in the death of the Vice-President.

RUSH TO PAYMENT — Page 412

in addition, the Commission seems to overlook entirely the fact that pork was not on the menu.

THE AGNEW HOLE

Perhaps the most damning indictment of the haste and superficiality of the Commission in this whole area is the question of the placement of the ice pick. The Commission reached the naive conclusion that because the ice pick was found lodged "... at a depth of *approximately* 3 inches ..." [italics mine] in the Vice-President's skull, this was the cause of death. What the commission so conveniently overlooked is the fact that the hole into which the ice pick was introduced had been in the Vice-President's head for some years. The inescapable conclusion is that *someone lodged the ice pick in the Vice-President's head after the shots had been fired into his foot.*

THE MAN IN THE SHIRT

Irregularities are rife throughout the Burger Report, but few are as incredible as its rejection of the conspiracy and the single-assassin theories. There must have been a conspiracy (why else would the Secret Service let such obvious assassins as those shown in Harry's film into the dining room?), but there was only one assassin. The confusion in the room was the result of carefully planned timing, and not, as the Commission suggests, of the retarded Shriners' panic. It was designed to remove attention from the one person in the room near enough to the Vice-President to have fired the shots into his foot. The Man in the Shirt.

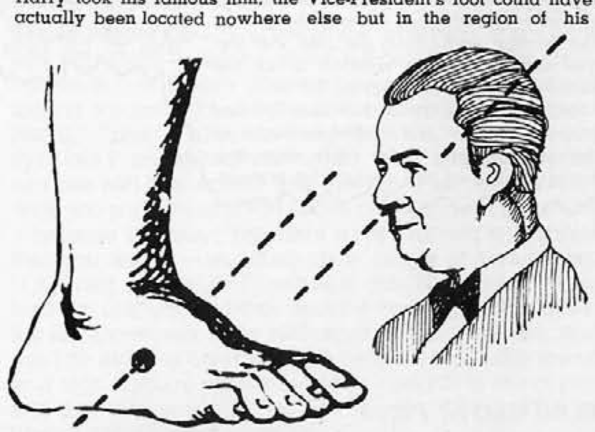


Why is this man so unconcerned?

THE FATAL FOOT

Throughout its finding, the Report constantly plays down the importance of the fact that the Vice-President was shot in the foot. To compound this error, they also fail to ask at any point the very obvious question: *Where was the foot at the time it was shot?* There was no exit wound as such in the foot, although there were two wounds.

Therefore the bullet must have passed through the foot and exited at some other point in the body. There were no other apertures in the body large enough to play this role except for the celebrated Agnew Hole. I contend, therefore, that the bullet passed through the foot and exited through the Agnew Hole. There is ample evidence to support this theory. Seconds before Harry took his famous film, the Vice-President's foot could have actually been located nowhere else but in the region of his



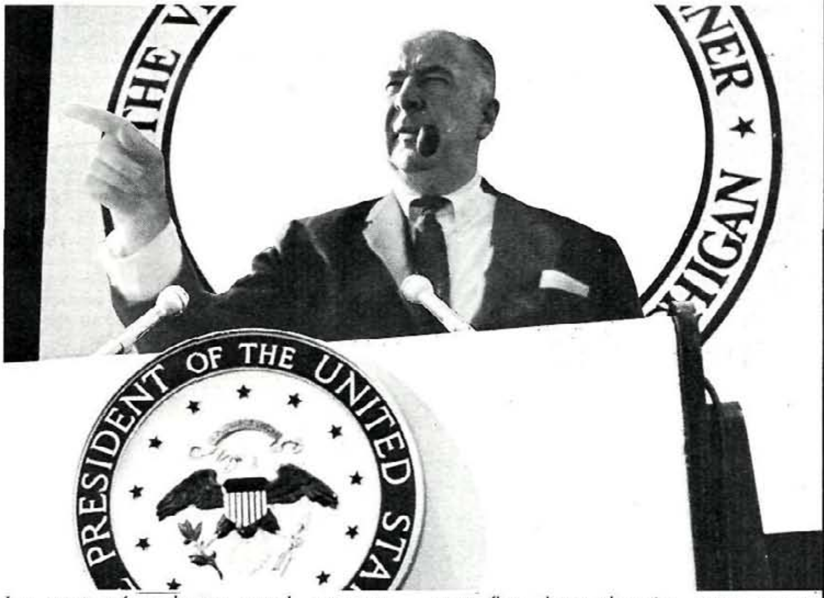
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A New Veep Takes the Oath

IMES, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1970

Text of Vice-President Attorney-General Mitchell's Inauguration

Speech in Washington



WASHINGTON, OCT. 13 — *Following is the official transcript of Vice-President — Attorney-General Mitchell's oath of office speech at the Department of Justice Building here today:*

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, fellow citizens. The seditious, silo-minded, suppurating cretins who, in the wake of the tragedy that has placed me but a heartbeat away from the Presidency, have been deafening decent people with their noxious nonsense, have had their say for long enough. It is high time that these loose-lipped lollygags of the left were muzzled and muffled to give us all time to clear their myopic mucus from our involuntary esophagi.

Accordingly, the Justice Department, with the full cooperation of the President and law-enforcement agencies, has drafted a new bill to increase the control of our society over these dizzy dissidents. When enacted, this bill will make it legal for duly appointed law-enforcement officers and deputies to fire into a residence where due suspicion exists, provided such officers announce their intention beforehand by ringing the doorbell or otherwise making their presence known.

Predictably, the warty dyspepsia of the blue-chinned liberals who cynically exploit our media has been aroused. These insensate morons of Marxist mettle will feel constrained to apply to this proposed law the epithet "knock and shoot." In order to avoid public misunderstanding and to remove from the arena of their tintinnabulous, nit-picking ridicule a law which will prove the salvation of sane elements of American society, the Justice Department and I have decided that the new law should be referred to as the Domestic Tranquility Act of 1970.

Let us not be swayed in our proper purpose by the pus-ridden protests of the pink-bellied. It is clear that the broad masses of the nauseating popula-

for want of a better word, perverts and corrupters of our way of life. These disgusting, hirsute faggots inhabit our nation for its length and breadth. They rape our women and loot our banks, they settle like so many slimy leeches on the face of the land, swarming and spreading their foul philosophies and revolting rhetoric. How much longer must we masochistically restrain ourselves from amputating this gangrenous excrescense? How much longer must we tolerate this cancerous growth?

The time has come to put aside the castrating constraints of childish "rights." We must pummel these puking perverts with all the force we can muster. We

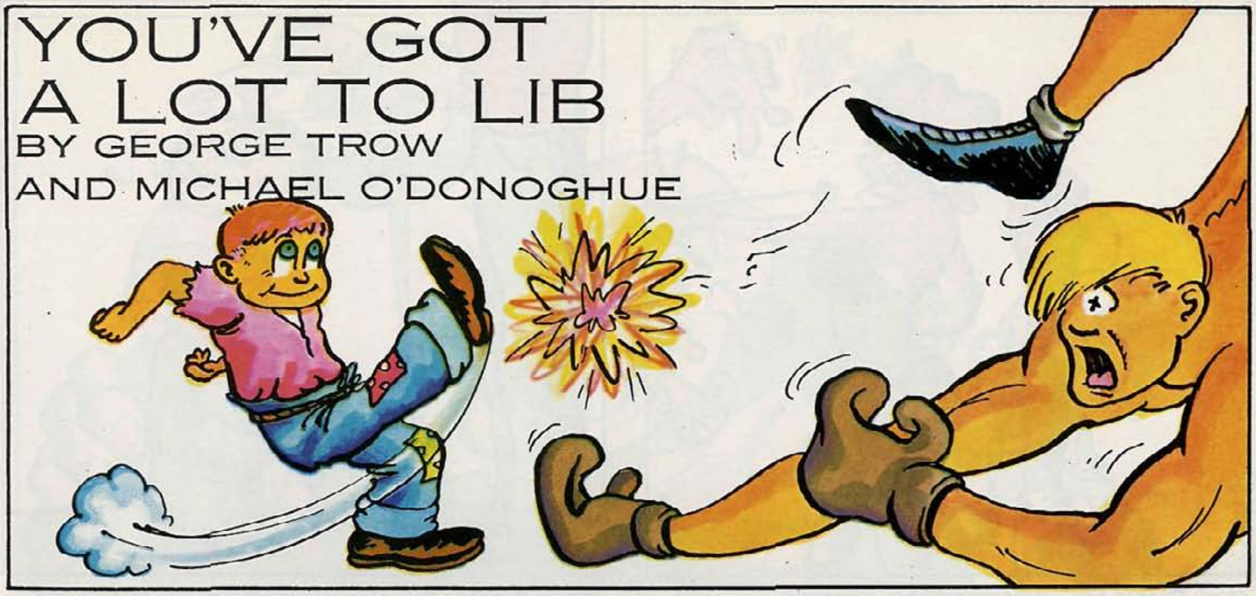
must flog these sheenies, spics, wops, greasers, commies, junkies, phonies, queers, atheists, sex cultists and weirdos. These snobs, tramps, bums, draft dodgers, creeps, crumbs, anarchists, addicts, muggers, lunatics, ex-cons, the corrupt pustules of flaccid matter, the odorous residue of this rotting carcass, scummy phlegm of countless dungy masses of flatulent

> "...the time has come to crush the mouth that bites the hand that feeds it..."
>
> Spiro T. Agnew

COMPILED BY PUNJI

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YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LIB
BY GEORGE TROW AND MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE



Children's Lib — Surely no new movement has such an impressive list of grievances, grievances that include small portions in restaurants, coercion through threats of early bedtime and no television, Goody Two-shoes stereotypes such as Dondi, spoiled brat stereotypes such as Little Iodine, no vote, being made to play *Country Gardens* on the piano for guests, denial of sexuality, dull books about irrelevant subjects in degrading "childproof" [sic] bindings, unfashionable clothes, everything too big, beatings, skimpy allowances, being forced to beg for bathroom privileges in school — and many,many more. It comes down to nothing less than virtual enslavement. Starting last year with a pack of militant Cub Scouts, Children's Lib has captured the hearts of boys and girls everywhere, resulting this spring in a takeover of *My Weekly Reader* (now renamed *The People's Reader*). It's apparent that meaningful action must be instituted in behalf of children before they carry out their vow to destroy the adult ruling elite. And Freedomland is not the answer.



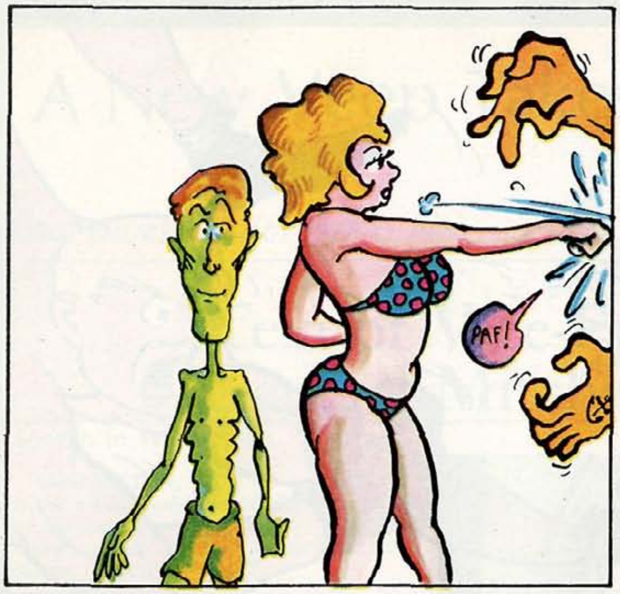
Ugly People Lib — Socrates was killed by Pretty People! The great inner beauty of the ugly person is always resented by the Attractive Oppressor! The Attractive Oppressor achieves his nefarious ends by blatant manipulation of the media, thus fostering UGLY TOMS — ugly people who sell out their ugly Brothers and Sisters and adopt the standards of the Oppressor! The Ugly Tom uses COSMETICS, BODY STOCKINGS, SUPPORT HOSIERY, NOSE JOBS, FALSE EYELASHES, UNSIGHTLY PIMPLE COVER-UPS AND FALSE TEETH! The Ugly Tom should remember that *you can't tell a book by its cover!* What about the face that *sank* a thousand ships? DEATH TO JEAN SHRIMPTON!



Stupid People Lib — You know how, when you're at a party and everybody is talking about difficult things like countries trading with each other and guys who do art stuff and tossing around a lot of three-dollar words like "Congressional," "plot," "avocado" and "electric," and then you try to join in and say something like, "Boy, that Edna Ferber was one hell of a writer!" and everybody sort of snickers? Well, you should just admit you're dumb and not try to hide it because it's okay. You have more brothers and sisters than you realize — including many people in high places. U.S. Grant and Dwight Eisenhower didn't have much going for them upstairs, and they became President. Also, this is the first movement to be embraced by the hard-hats. And don't be afraid of confrontations because the police are on your side. If you're not sure whether a person is one of you, just ask, "Do you think we can win the Vietnam?" If he replies, "Yes," he is a brother.

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER BRAMLEY

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Puny People Lib — Non-negotiable demands:
1. Lighter bowling balls!



Short People Lib — Non-negotiable demands:
1. No more Mickey Rooney jokes (John Wayne's watch fob! Hahahahahahaha . . .)!
2. Want to be seen in group photos!
3. Equal representation on basketball teams!
4. Lower shelves!
5. Ban elevator shoes (a pathetic attempt to conform to the standards of the oppressor)!
6. Stop using jockeys as lawn ornaments!



Blind People Lib — Non-negotiable demands:
1. Stop all this incessant, insulting talk about sunsets, rainbows, Chaplin festivals, etc.!
2. Trained Afghans, Bedlington terriers, Lhasa apsos and other stylish dogs in place of those drab Alsatians!
3. Half-fare rates on Vista-Dome buses!
4. Pornography in braille ("Love is blind!", etc., etc. . . .)!
5. An end to substituting such phrases as "Don't you see?" for "Don't you understand?" (indicating that intelligence is, in some way, linked to eyesight)!
6. *Bring back radio (what ever happened to Lux Presents Hollywood* and *My Friend Irma? . . .)!*
7. No more making tiresome whiskbrooms and potholders!



Lame Lib — Non-negotiable demands:
1. An end to complicated dances (down with the Bunny Hop and back to the two-step)!
2. Phase out 100-yard dashes (cut them down to 90 yards, then 80, 70, etc., until they are finally eliminated altogether)!
3. Discourage use of demeaning cliches like "in the long run" and "running" for office (FDR was one of our finest presidents, and he certainly didn't "run" for office)!
4. More escalators!

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Lunatic Lib — A lot of great people were crazy, such as Coleridge, Ezra Pound, Nietzsche, Van Gogh, Corot, Paganini, Artaud, and Virginia Woolf, but some people still think they're better than other people because they're so-called "sane," which just means that they're unable to accept the brilliance and insight of the so-called "insane" people who really understand where it's at and who have been locked up in the institutions which dominate our lives simply because we reject petty bourgeois reality and what about the atom bomb that was invented by so-called "sane "people and *Let's Make a Deal,* eating animals, the Thirty Years' War, policemen who follow you home and try to steal your mail and change it, paying farmers not to grow food instead of paying those same farmers to grow that food and feed people who are starving with it, tableware that explodes, filthy and treacherous subways, charging money for water, Mace, breeding germs on purpose that are all around us even on this paper you're reading, dangerous silverware, killing people on purpose and you don't know their name or anything about them and you don't even hate them, and oleomargarine.



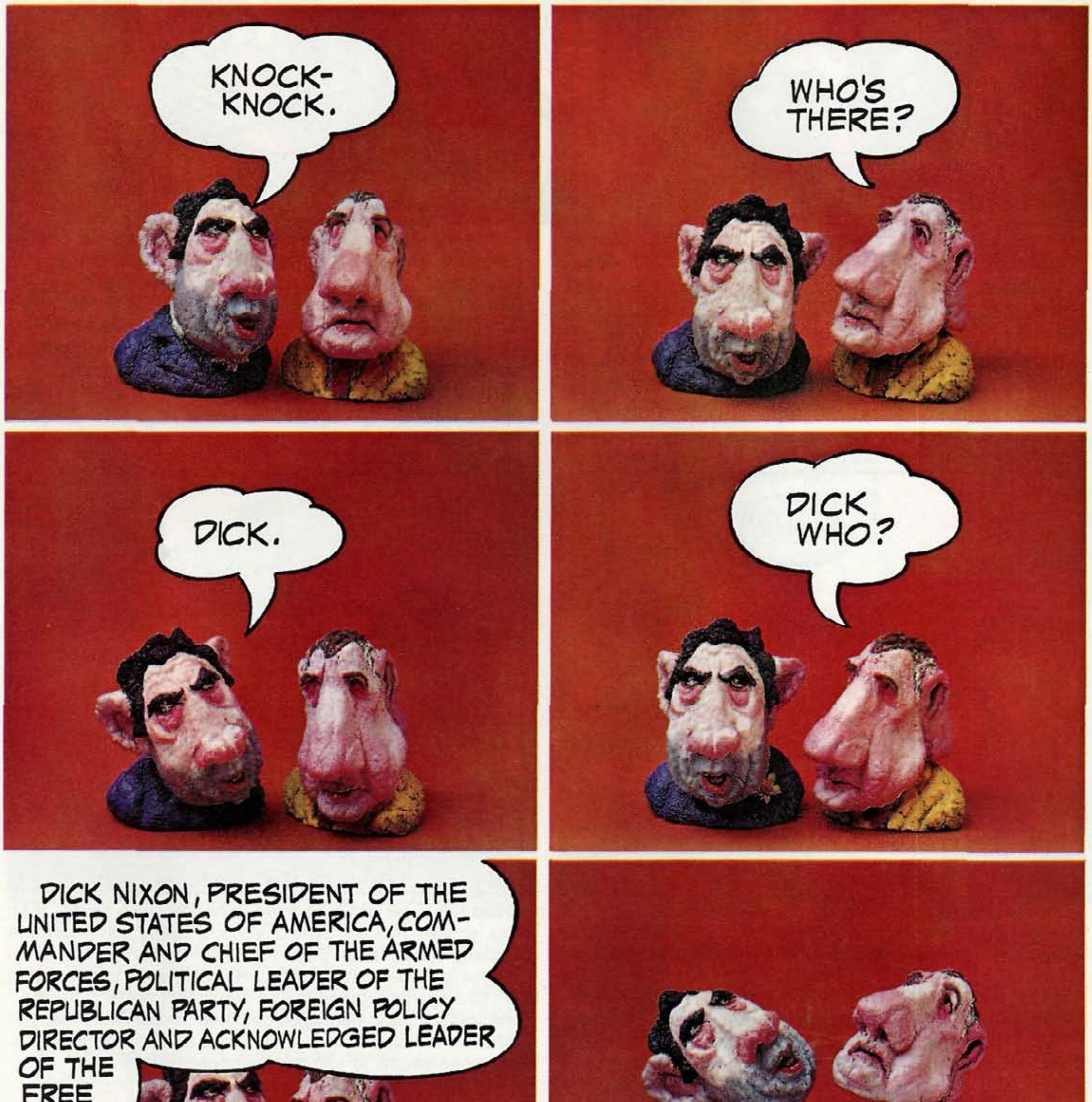
Wicked People Lib — Ming the Merciless focuses the deadly Zeon Ray, pulls the switch and BLAZZZUT! turns Flash Gordon into an omelet, then rapes and strangles Dale, pillages the planet Vulcan and goes on to lead a happy and fulfilling life. . . . The End. "Well, why not?" asks Wicked People Lib. They're fed up with slanted, biased movies in which bad guys always lose, a condition utterly unsupported by history. In point of fact, villains have been (and still are) history's best friend, spicing up the bane of tedious, lackluster, day-to-day existence with ingenious schemes, daring coups, bizarre machinations and just generally thickening the plot. Both colorful and creative, villains are usually admired once dead (e.g., Jesse James). Noting this, a conglomerate group of slumlords, felons, Hells Angels, Mafiosi, arsonists, despots and bad people from all walks of life formed Wicked People Lib so that perpetrators of foul deeds might be admired in their own time.



Dead Lib — No group is more "unhappy with its lot" than this group. Rallied behind such slogans as "Join the Underground!" and "Edged in Black Power!" they will no longer tolerate being treated like objects, i.e., segregated in "graveyards" (those in The Movement prefer "the dead community") and degraded by burial in dirt. While many of "the live minority" may not presently agree with their aims, everyone seems to join them, sooner or later.

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THE DICK AND SPIRO SHOW



PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED SCHULZE

PUPPETS BY RICK MEYEROWITZ

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THE NATIONAL LAMPOON OPINION POLL

BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE

CAUTION: DO NOT BEND, FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE!

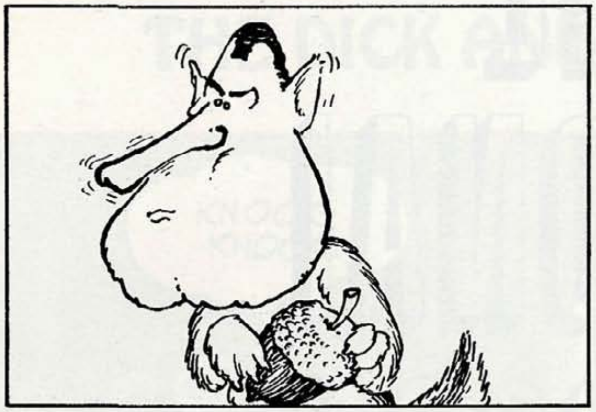
1. Whom would you like to see as President in '72?
   ( ) George McGovern
   ( ) Other: ______________

2. Whom would you most like to see assassinated?
   ( ) Strom Thurmond
   ( ) John Mitchell
   ( ) Richard Daley
   ( ) Richard Kleindienst
   ( ) J. Edgar Hoover
   ( ) Other: ______________

3. Do you believe that Ted Kennedy was just having an innocent party for his staff? ( ) yes ( ) no
   Do you believe he took a wrong turn because he was unfamiliar with Chappaquiddick Island? ( ) yes ( ) no
   Do you believe that the accident left him dazed and muddled his thinking? ( ) yes ( ) no
   Do you believe in the Tooth Fairy? ( ) yes ( ) no
   Would you like Ted Kennedy to drive Martha Mitchell home? ( ) yes ( ) no

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4. What do you think Richard Nixon is hiding in his cheeks?
   ( ) Mothballs
   ( ) Brillo pads
   ( ) Casaba melons
   ( ) Other: ____________

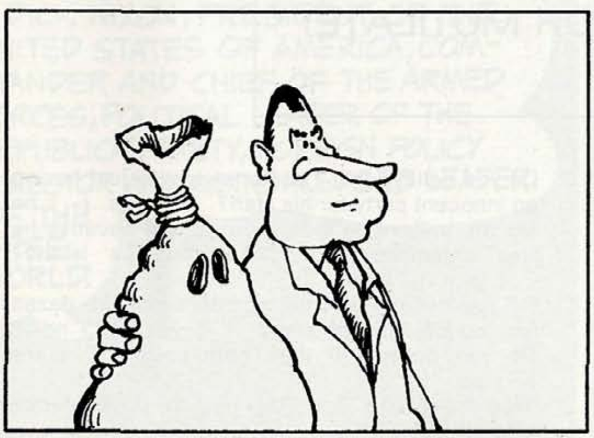


5. Where do you think Lurleen Wallace went when she died?
   ( ) To that Big Segregated Drinking Fountain in the Sky
   ( ) To the cat and dog heaven
   ( ) She was reincarnated as Roosevelt Grier's Jockey shorts
   ( ) Other: ____________

6. Political theoreticians often speculate on the qualifications of a perfect President. Below are some suggestions for a composite ideal Chief of State:
   (a) The charisma of Arthur Goldberg
   (b) The probing intellect of Roman Hruska
   (c) The unabashed warmth of Henry Kissinger
   (d) The dynamic leadership of William Scranton
   (e) The artistic sensitivity of John Pastore
   (f) The animal virility of Robert Morgenthau

   Add your own suggestions to this list:
   (g) ____________
   (h) ____________

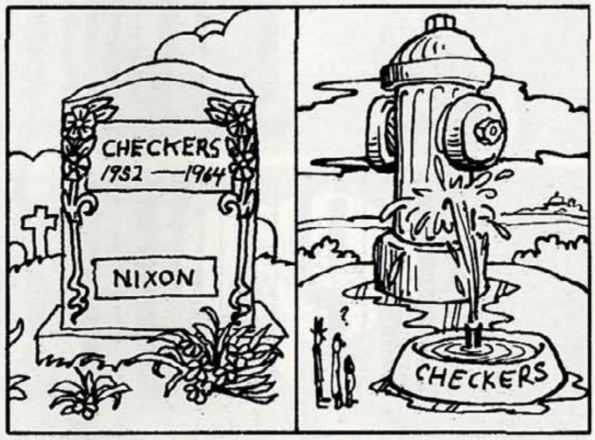
7. Since Canada's Prime Minister Trudeau has been seen stepping out with Barbra Streisand, who might Richard Nixon be seen stepping out with (assuming Pat were dead, God forbid)?
   ( ) Margaret Whiting
   ( ) Other: ____________



8. Ever since Lester Maddox sparked his campaign by giving away free ax handles, the field has been open for other candidates to abandon the usual uninspired buttons and link themselves to some symbolic object. Below are some suggestions:
   (a) A Spiro Agnew tennis ball
   (b) A Ted Kennedy snorkle
   (c) Senator Edward Brooke's hair straightener

   Add suggestions of your own to this list:
   (d) ____________
   (e) ____________

9. On the left is the dreary, lackluster grave where Checkers now lies entombed. On the right is an artist's conception by internationally renowned architect Peter Bramley for the proposed Checkers Memorial, an 85-foot tall alabaster fire hydrant with fountain and reflecting pool. How much would you be willing to give to put this project over the top?
   ( ) All that I have and more
   ( ) My milk money for a year
   ( ) Other: ____________



10. Below are a few reasons for ending the war in Southeast Asia:
    (a) Army-Navy stores will get a lot of new merchandise
    (b) John Wayne won't make a sequel to *The Green Berets*
    (c) There will be less guns and more margarine
    (d) It's possible you'll never hear the name "Joey Heatherton" again

    Add reasons of your own to this list:
    (e) ____________
    (f) ____________

11. It is an old truism that "everyone has his price"; that is, all people are susceptible to bribery if the proposition is attractive enough. Politicians, for example, are only human. Which of the following bribes would, in your opinion, be sufficient to cause Spiro Agnew to reveal America's entire defense system to the communists?
    ( ) $4,000,000
    ( ) $40,000
    ( ) $4.98
    ( ) A date with Anita Bryant
    ( ) A banana split (with nuts)
    ( ) A pogo stick

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ILLUSTRATION BY PETER BRAMLEY

12. Rate the following in order of intelligence from 1 to 4 (note — 1 equals "lowest intelligence"; 4 equals "highest intelligence"):
   ( ) Bill Miller
   ( ) Russell Long
   ( ) Mendel Rivers
   ( ) A grapefruit

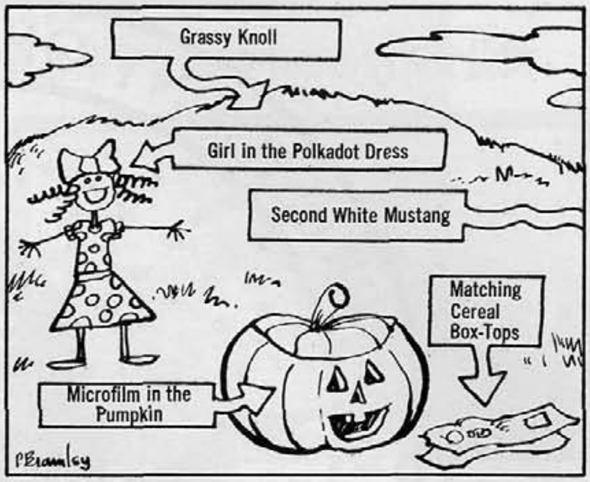
13. Rate the following in order of sex apeal from 1 to 4 (note — 1 equals "experienced negligible desire"; 4 equals "swept by uncontrollable lust"):
   ( ) Mamie Eisenhower
   ( ) Martha Raye
   ( ) Elsie, the Borden Cow
   ( ) Margaret Chase Smith



14. Below is a rare snapshot of the notorious "Perpetually Burning American Flag" (dubbed "The Light at the End of the Tunnel" by its subversive creators) which, since late 1967, has been shunted from one hippie pad to another, always one step ahead of the law. What immediately springs to mind at this sight?
   ( ) rage
   ( ) despair
   ( ) toasted marshmallows
   ( ) Other: ______________



15. HOW MANY MISTAKES CAN YOU SPOT IN THIS PICTURE?
   ( ) Mistakes? What mistakes?
   ( ) Other: ______________



16. Which book would you read first?
   ( ) *The White House Cookbook* — Pat, Dick and Tricia team up to share their favorite recipes for such mouthwatering fare as Salisbury steak, macaroni and cheese, pressed turkey, fried scallops with tartar sauce, meat loaf, chipped beef and creamed potatoes, and much, much more! Always given to culinary nuance, the First Lady shows how any dish can be "spruced up" by simply adding a bright red, spiced crab apple and a sprig of parsley, making it a delight to both eye and palate! Needless to say, the sine qua non of the Nixon kitchen is catsup (and plenty of it!), so be sure to stock up before you try your hand at re-creating the Presidential "groaning board" in your own home! Bon appetit!
   ( ) *The Public Speaker's Handbook* — by Spiro T. Agnew. It's all here — everything you need to talk like The Veep, fully detailed in such helpful and informative chapters as: "Racial Slurs and When to Use Them"; "10 Different Ways to Say 'The Supreme Court Is Tying the Policeman's Hands' "; "31 Different Ways to Say 'Soft on Communism' Including 'Soft on Communism' "; "Snappy Comebacks When One Trips or Falls or Sits on Someone or Hits Them With a Ball," and so on! If you're an Agnew fan — and who isn't? — this is a must.
   ( ) *The Official David Eisenhower Guide to Sex* or "He taught Her More Than Any Girl Should Know!" — Penned with astounding frankness and a raw, no-punches-pulled candor, here's everything you've always wondered about, including:
   * Is doing it with the lights on wicked?
   * Is "French kissing" perverted?
   * Will it fall off if you handle it too often?
   * What should you do when it falls off?
   * Does God punish you for making noise during orgasm?

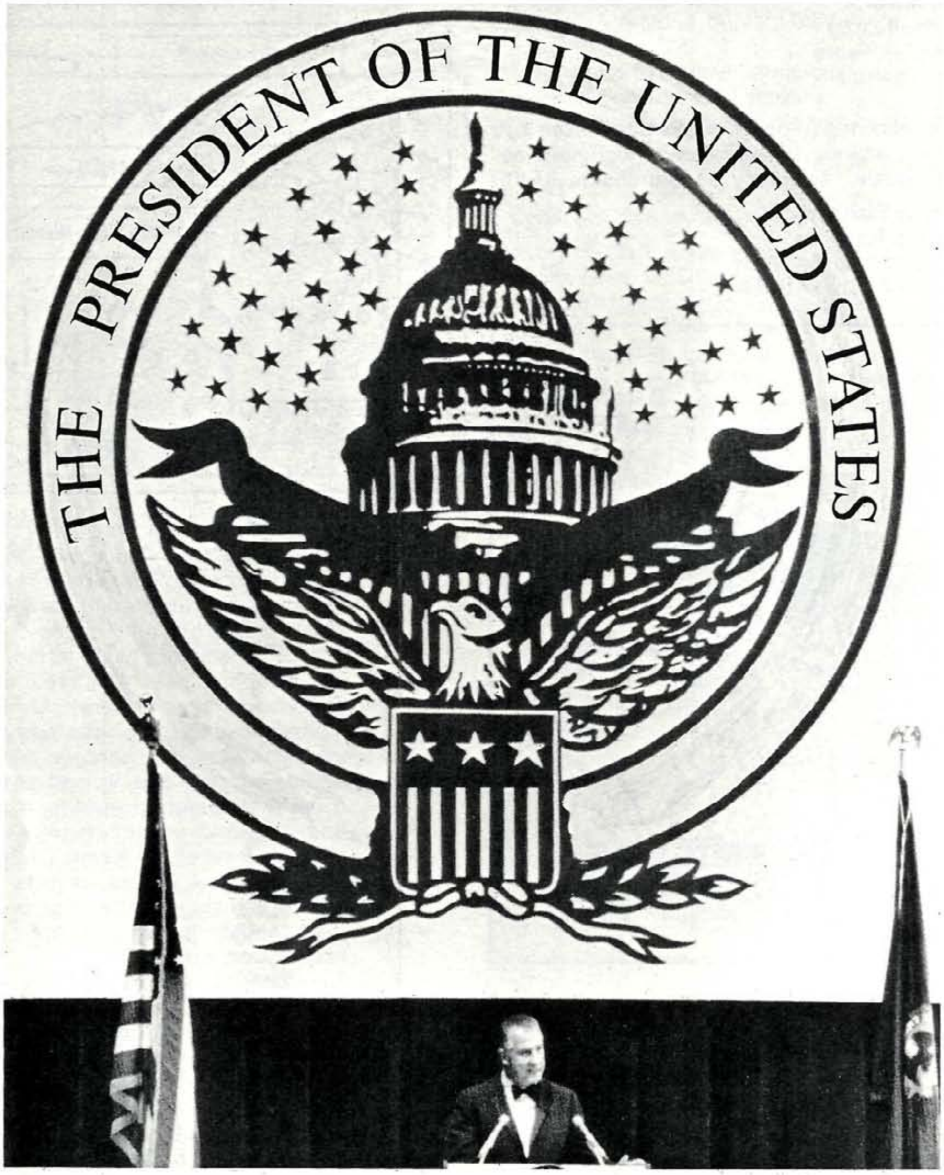
   — and a Special Reader Bonus —
   * Heavy Petting — Gateway to Disaster!

   ( ) Other: ______________________________

PHOTOS: UPI

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17. Do you think things could be worse?
( ) yes
( ) no



Now do you think things could be worse?
( ) yes
( ) maybe

After you have completed every question, fill in the address form, cut out and mail to The National Lampoon Opinion Poll, Dept. 2294-K, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....Zip ....

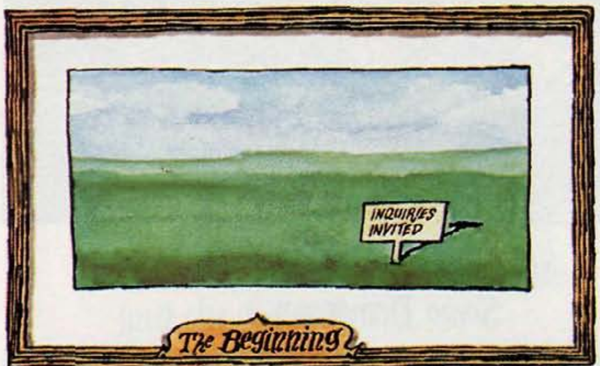
I have ___ toilets in the house or apt. where I reside.

( ) Check here if you would like to receive literature from The Concerned Citizens' Committee to Draft David Eisenhower.

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POLITICS

A Summary HISTORY of POLITICS As We've Come To Know & Love Them



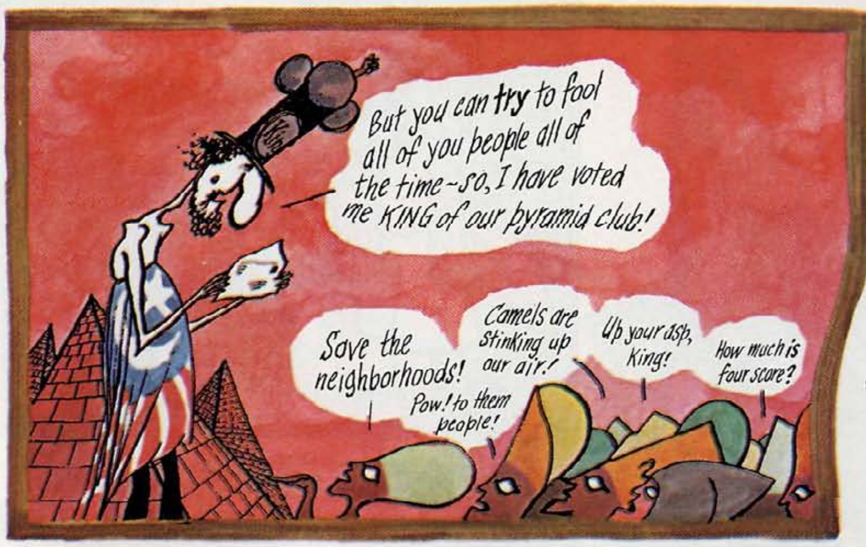
In the Beginning, there was No Politics. In the Beginning, there was No Nothing, really. Notice?



Right After the Beginning, though, there was Something. And part of it were People.

The People formed Tribes; the Tribes formed Nations; Nations formed Armies; and Cleopatra got a Snake Bite Right in the Cleavage (not shown).





The nations took Kings as their Leaders. And the Kings took the Nations for What They were Worth.

By Arnold Roth

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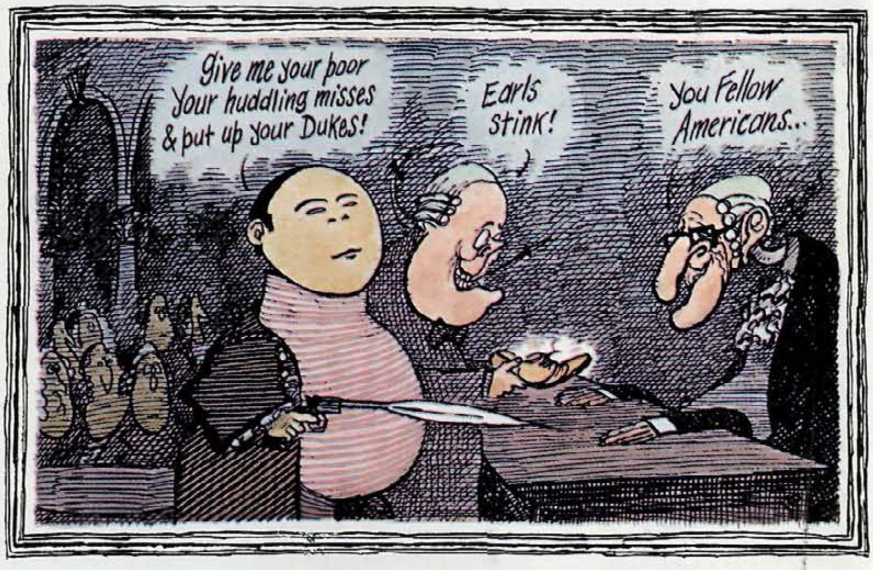


But World War *1 came Along and Made the World Safe for Democracy.



So, the Greeks got Themselves Some Democracy.

Then, Martin Van Buren and Marco Polo waved the Magna Carta since They had not heard, at all, about World War *1 .



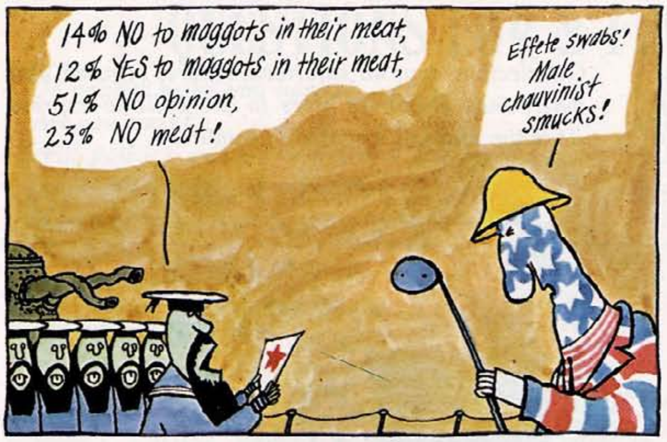


The Constitutional Convention was a Big Hit and Thomas E. Dewey Lost by a Hair.

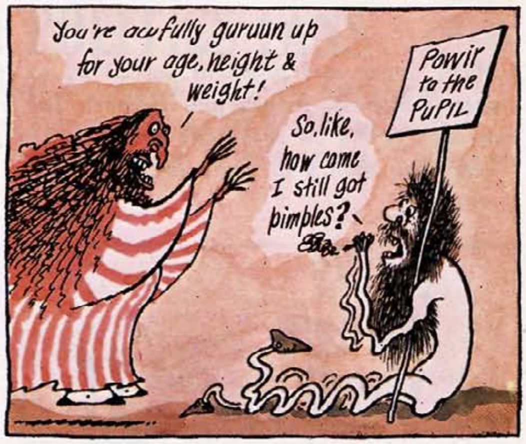


An Undentured slave, CrissCrossX, discovered Peanut Butter thereby Winning the Olympics and procuring Credit for his Race.

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Sailors on a Russian Warship were off their feed and put Fidel Castro into the Sugar Business.



Schools invented Freedom, Picketing, Pot & Herbert Marcuse which brings us to Nowadays.

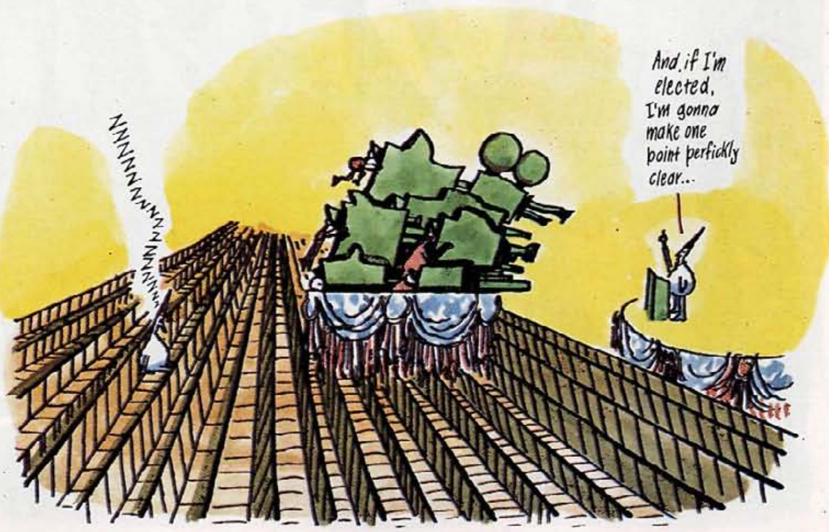
HOW POLITICS WORK (politics—not politicians)



An individual forms a profound political philosophy and other tricks.



With like-minded individuals, he forms a political "party." As parties go, you could have more fun all by yourself.



The party holds a convention and nominates candidates to represent them in elections. Unfortunately, the candidates are very representative of them.

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Major, lesser and dissident parties all vie for the voters' interest, money and support, but, mostly, money. Voters vie to be left alone, but, mostly, to keep their money to themselves.



On election day, an informed, aware, aroused and determined electorate races to the polls to express its whim and kill a couple of minutes.



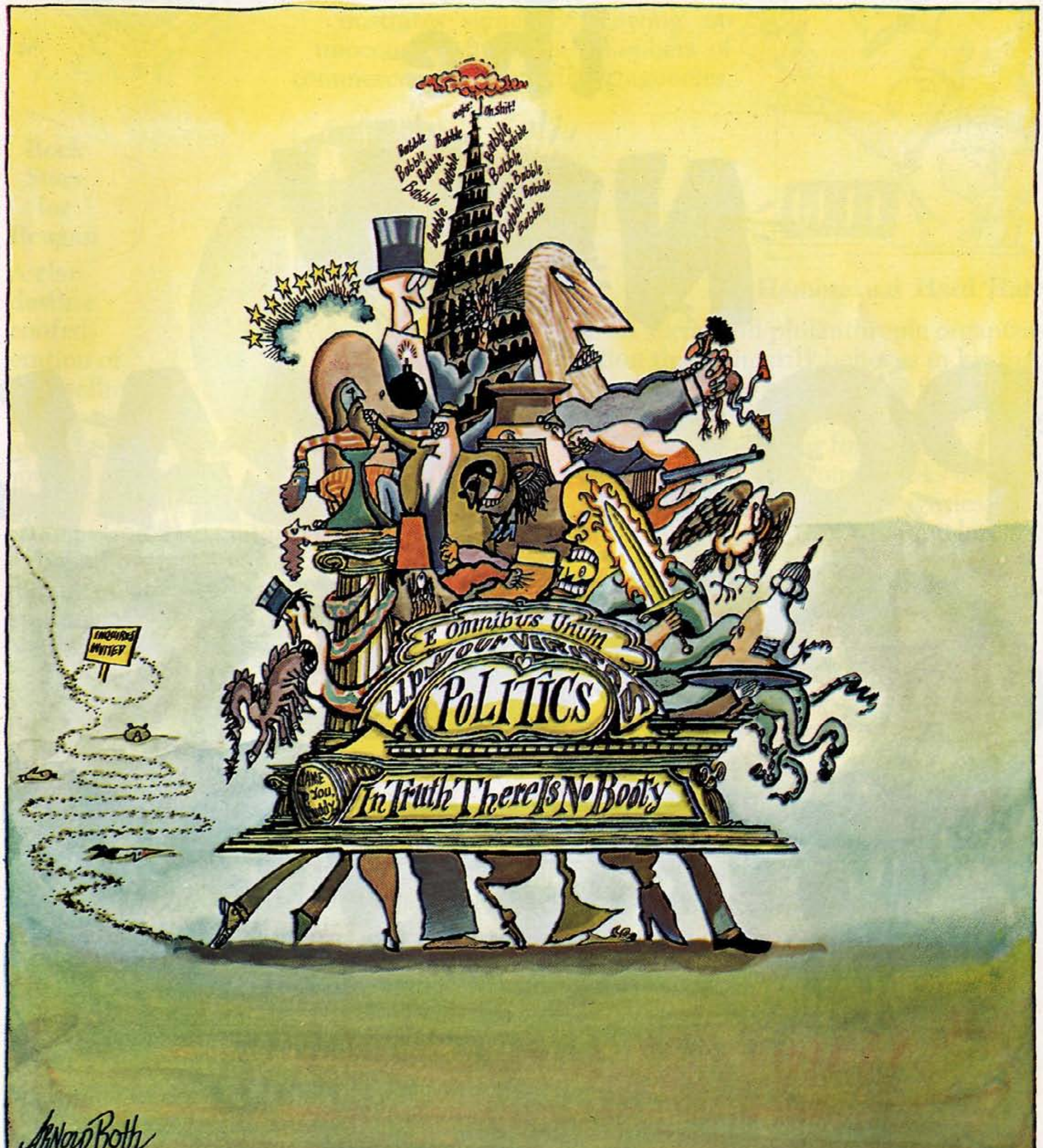
The elected politicians take office, and everybody is delirious.



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QUESTIONS FOR & FROM POLITICS FANS

Do politics make you happy?
Are you crazy?
Will politics make you big and strong like your Daddy?
Is your Daddy big and strong and crazy too?
Can the U.N. continue to keep out foreigners?
Why do blacks call it the "White House"?
Does Billy Graham go around saying "Politics is dead"?
Politics eats it?



Is Jackie Kennedy really a Mediterranean?
Was "Rutherford B. Hayes" his real name?
"One Man, One Vote" sucks?

If you know the answers to any or all of these questions and are a good liar, you should consider a career in politics or as a male nurse in a leper colony. Take two weeks off before elections to shoot pool and get into other trouble.

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the NEW POLITICAL POWER GROUPS

BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN

The age of participatory democracy is with us once again. Encouraged by media's need for new political ideas and fiery advocates, specialized power groups have begun proliferating across the nation. Well before this wave of splinter spokesmen and their causes begins to crest, you will most likely be urged to join at least several of the following organizations already in existence.

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Terrorists for Peace
According to the group's brochure, "Might may not be right, but it sure beats hell out of laying down in front of George Wallace's hot rod." TFP places human rights above property rights and demonstrates same by blowing up unoccupied factories, chambers of commerce and advertising agencies.



Rock Stars for Reagan
A clandestine confederation of best-selling pop artists, RSFR has been sponsoring rock festivals throughout Orange County, California, in behalf of the Governor's candidacy. Orange County does not appreciate rock stars or rock music. Neither does Governor Reagan.



Homosexual Hard Hats
A social and philanthropic organization that primarily believes in kissing, HH claims to represent 99.2% of U.S. construction workers. HH president Mr. Sheila, a muscular former hair stylist, breaks down the group's ranks into the following homosexual categories: 6% overt, 14% covert, 79.2% blatant latents.



Kentucky Fried Chicken Franchises Against the War
KFCFATW asks the rhetorical question, "If American boys are all off fighting in Asia, who will bring the family to visit the Colonel?"

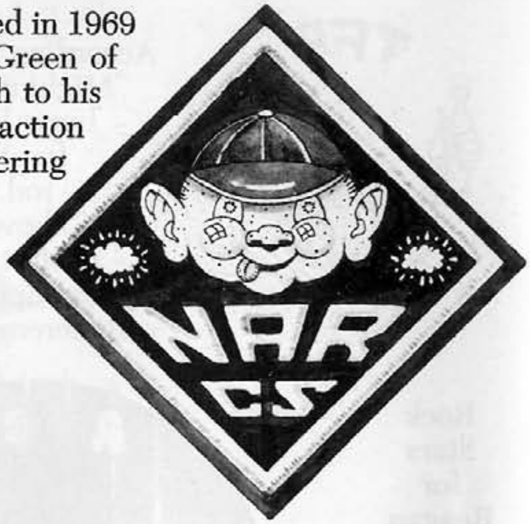
The organization believes pragmatically that a wholesale withdrawal of U.S. troops from Indochina will mean a sharp increase in national retail KFC sales. KFCFATW's official stand on the war: "We're Chicken!"

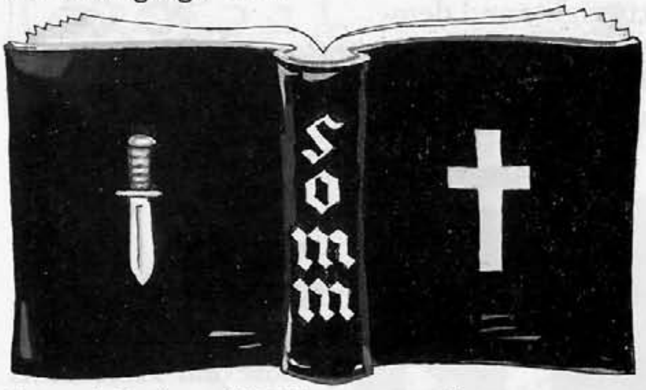


Fraternal Order of Junkies'
Educationally oriented FOJ recently began its own Head Start program by turning on the entire audience during a taping of ABC-TV's *Let's Make a Deal*, at the conclusion of which M.C. Monty Hall was mugged.

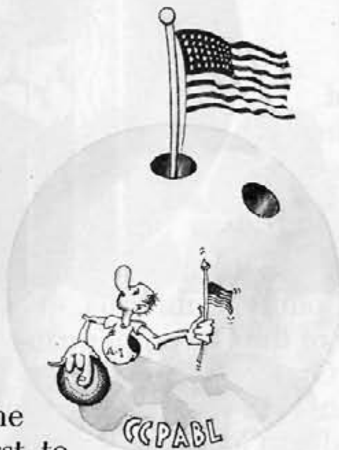
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National Association of Radical Cub Scouts Founded in 1969 as a legal defense fund for Webelos Scout Herbie Green of Pack 140 (he was busted for selling a kilo of hashish to his den mother), NARCS is a youth-oriented community action group dedicated to legalizing hallucinogens and lowering the voting age to 9.





Sacred Order of Militant Monks
SOMM likes it hot: Christ, a Soldier in God, resisted passively for tactical reasons. Today's times, the organization feels, call for sterner measures. SOMM initiates participate in a week of intensive Bible study and guerilla warfare.



Conference of Concerned Polish-American Bowling Leagues CCNABL President Chet Huski succinctly summarizes the group's purposes as, "First, to honor and revere the American flag, and second, to lobby for a six-inch widening of bowling lanes."



Fat Acidheads for Agnew

FAFA feels Mr. Agnew is the victim of a unique conspiracy. After digesting the fact that the Vice President aided intergration as Maryland's governor, FAFA concludes that a Nixon aide has been slipping LSD into Mr. Agnew's daily box of Cracker Jacks—with an unbelievably long bummer the result. FAFA is trying to get Spiro back to his plump, lovable self by sending telegrams to him inveighing against Cracker Jacks and advising lots of ouzo and moussaka instead.

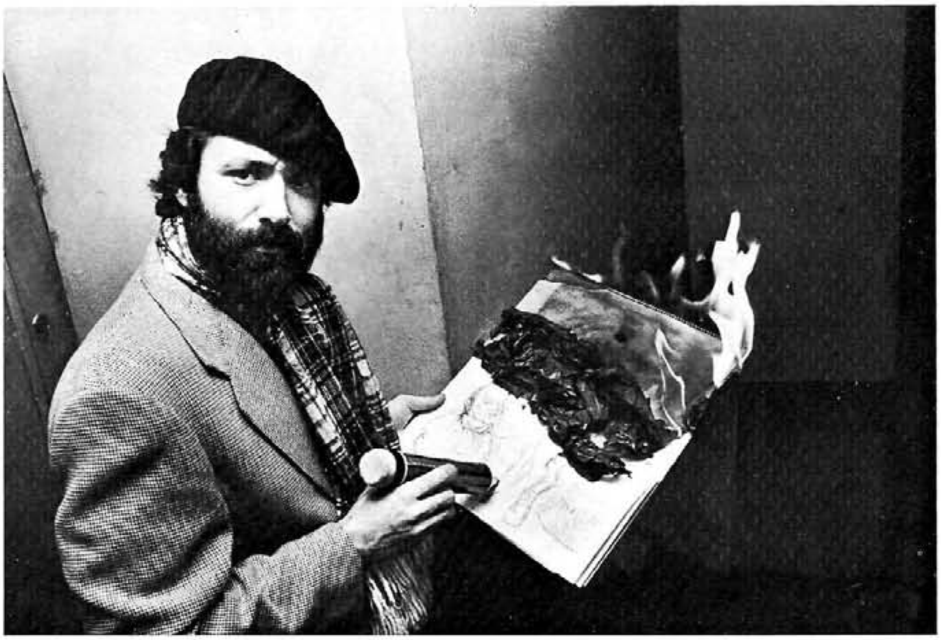


Mothers for Marijuana
What with her husband coming home from the office juiced and her kids running out of the house to get balled, the average American mother's life isn't easy. Founded by a $25 seed money grant from Tony Curtis, MFM takes the position that whatever position she's in will be lots of fun when a mother is stoned out of her skull.

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CAMPAIGN POSTERS '70

By Rick Meyerowitz



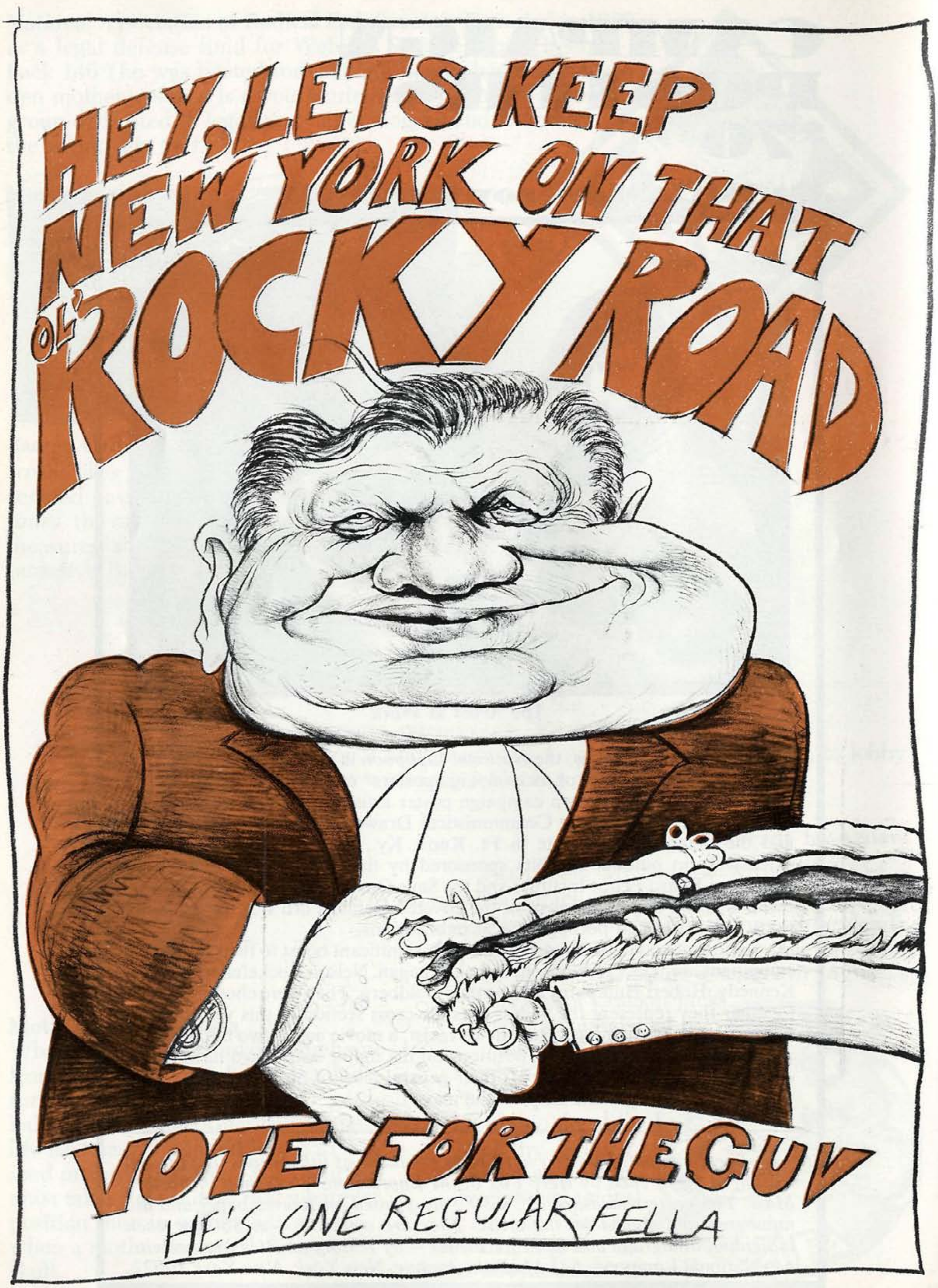
The Artist at Work

On the following pages, the *National Lampoon* is pleased as punch to present a special series of six campaign posters* executed (after a short but showy trial) by well-known campaign poster artist Rick Meyerowitz. A distinguished graduate of the Communistical Drawers School in Trotsky, Pa., and the Peter Max Institute in Ft. Knox, Ky., Meyerowitz has appeared extensively in outdoor exhibits sponsored by the Bell Telephone Co., the American Board Fence Institute and the Save Our Trees Foundation. Meyerowitz is also a recent recipient of the coveted Gerald Ford slur for contributions to leftistic and pornographical publications.

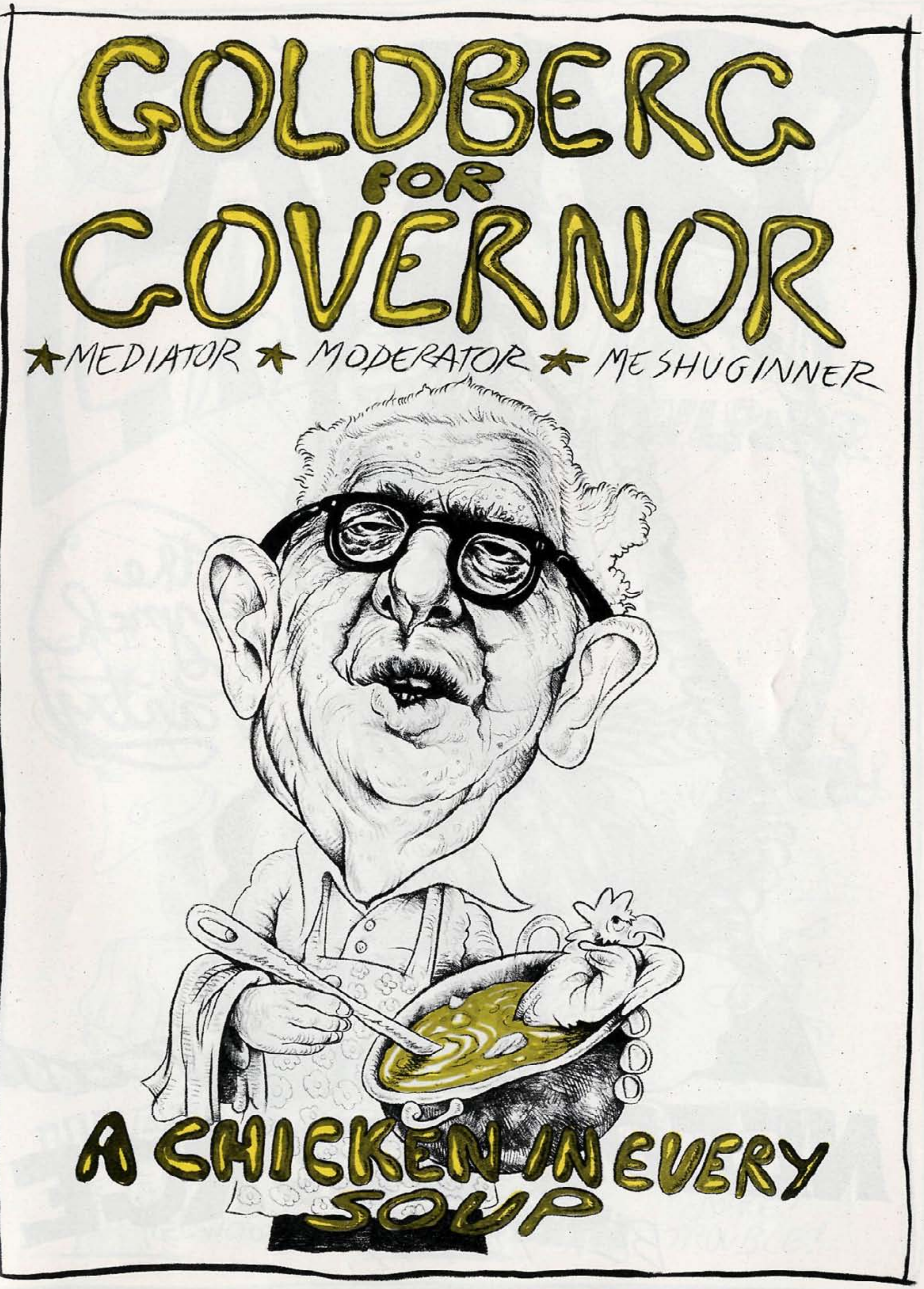
The six candidates singled out for this significant boost to their respective campaigns are: George Wallace, Ronald Reagan, Nelson Rockefeller, Edward Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey and Arthur Goldberg. They were chosen because together they represent the widest possible cross section of this year's candidates in terms of their backgrounds (a racist, a movie actor, two millionaires, a has-been and a bore); their positions on the major issue (two hawks, two doves, a parakeet and a turkey); their general level of fitness for high office (six pastramis to go, and easy on the mayo). □

** These campaign posters have been produced as lithographs in a limited edition of 50 of each by Herb Fox of the Impressions Workshop in Boston, Mass. The posters measure 22" x 30", are printed on Reeves paper and are numbered and signed by the artist. They are available — at $60 for each individual lithograph and $300 for the set — by writing to: Rick Meyerowitz, c/o* National Lampoon, *635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.*

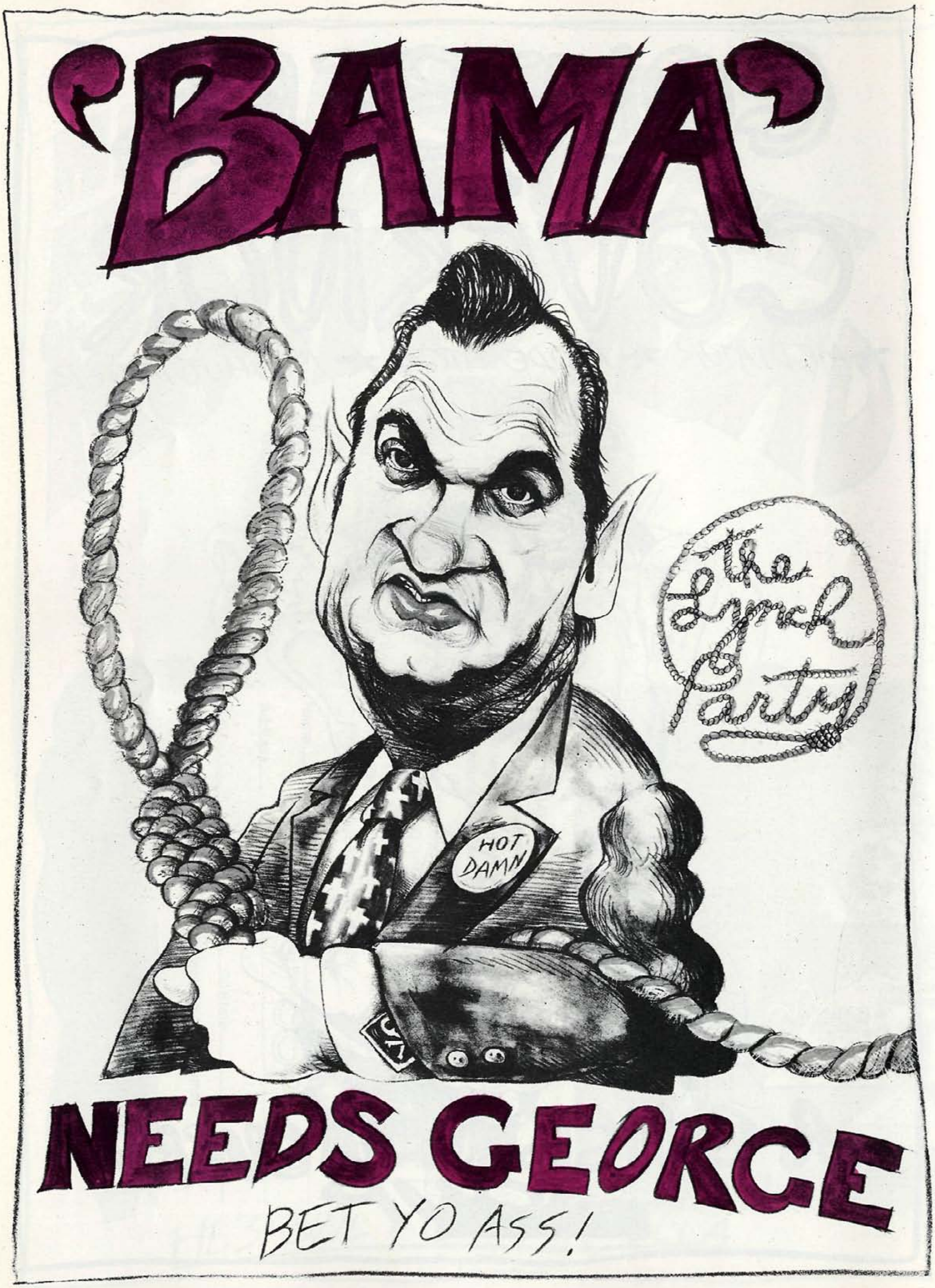
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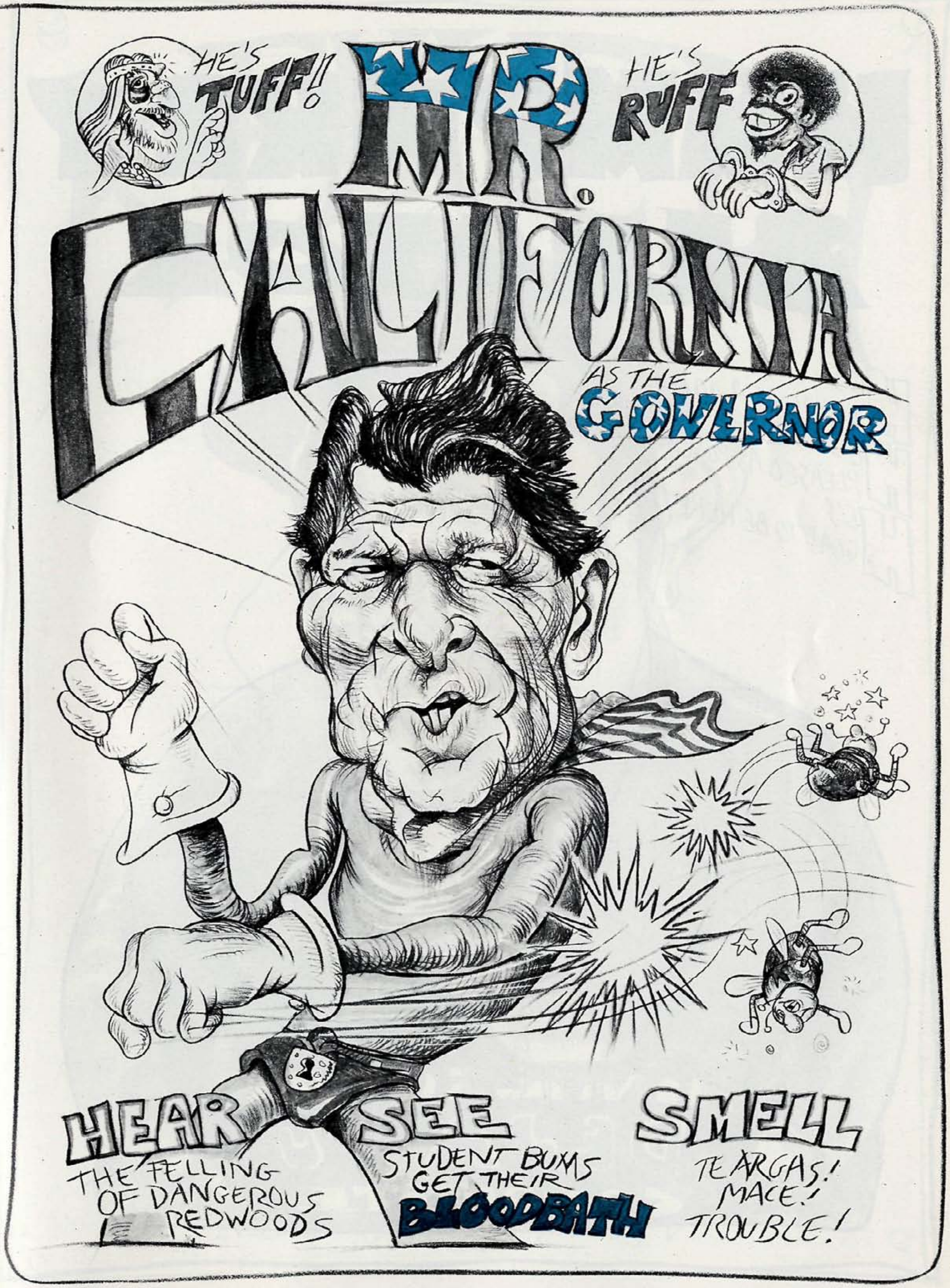
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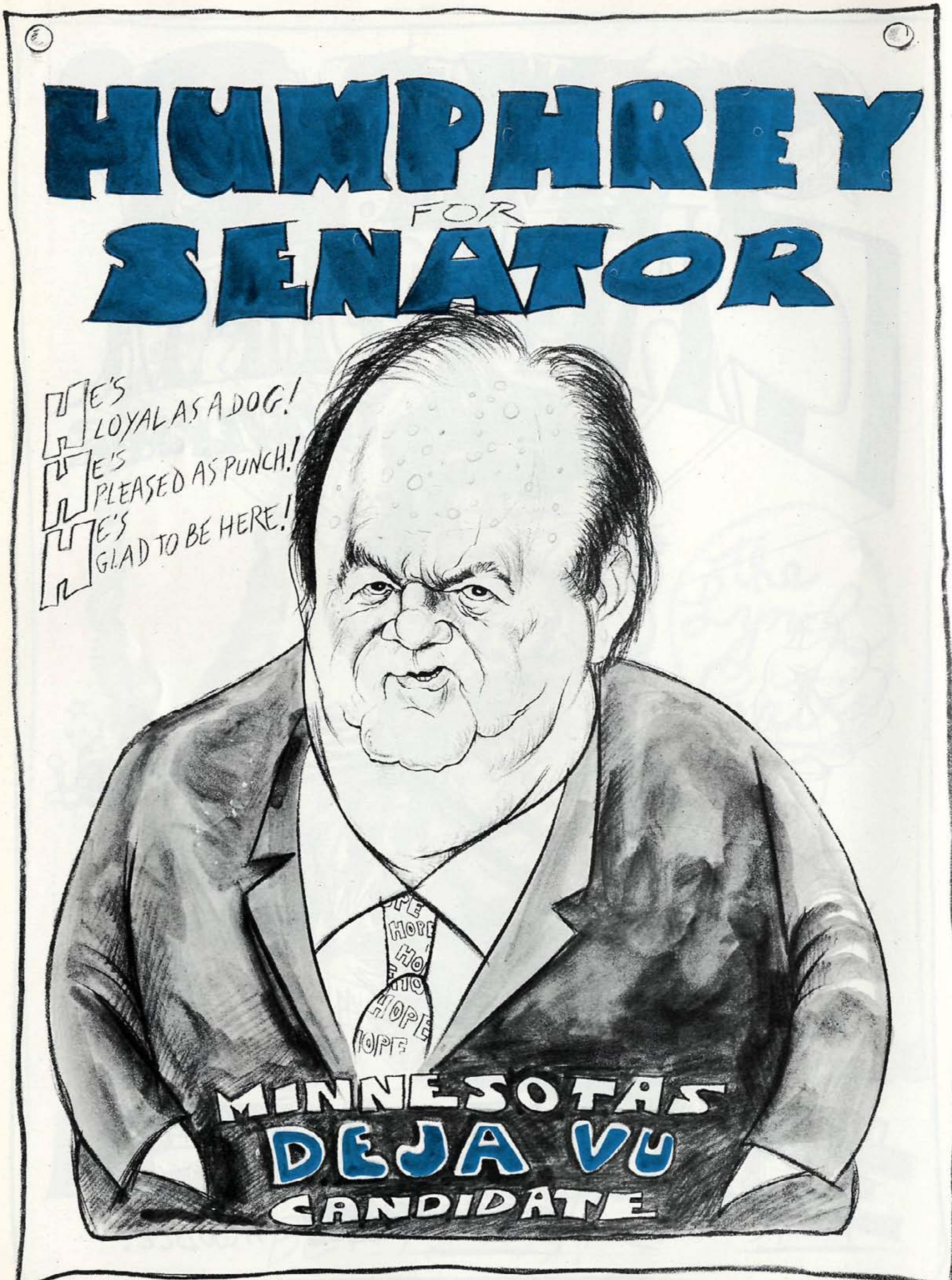
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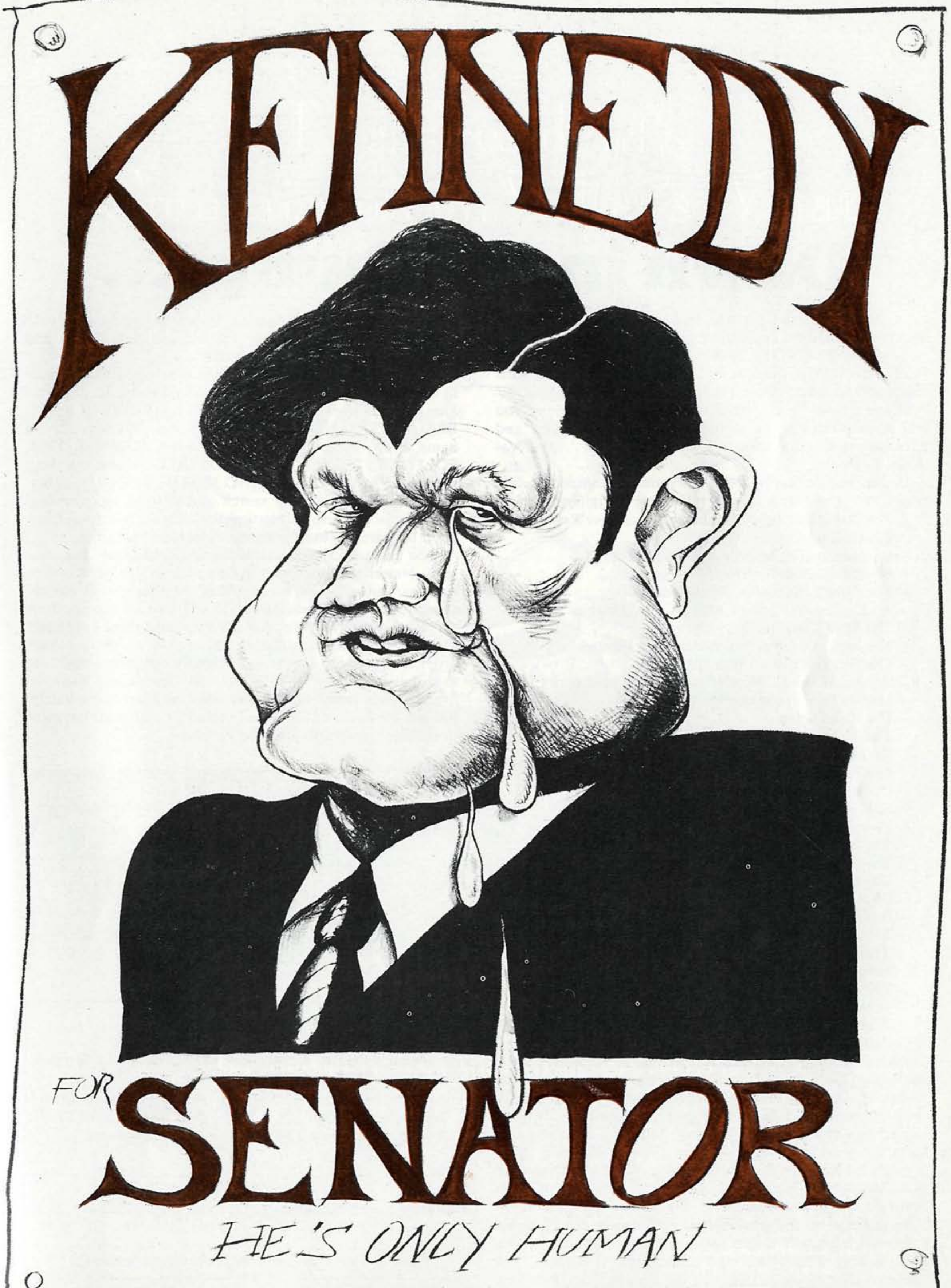
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Down in the Dumps...

. . . because of the garbage that politicians, newspapers and TV try to shovel down your gullet? Are you fed up with Agnew and Rubin, the Hoffman boys, Hruska, hip Pete Fonda, the Jackies (Susann and Kennedy-Onassis), the Mitchells and Kunstler? Does Tricia Nixon really *honk you off?*

If you answer "you betcha" to any of these questions, you will be interested to know that now there is a quick and effective remedy for these crippling afflictions . . . the *National Lampoon.*

If you had subscribed to the *National Lampoon's* first issues, you would have already read these intriguing articles:

- The David and Julie Eisenhower True Love Romance Comic Book
- CosNosCo: The Mafia's Annual Report
- Normal Rockwall's Erotic Engravings
- The Love Letters of Aristotle Onassis
- An Exclusive Interview with Howard Hughes
- The Most Tasteless Story Ever Told
- The Most Tasteless Illustration Ever Printed
- The Day Jim Bishop Was Shot
- Senator Hruska's Wonderful World of Mediocrity
- Mondo Perverto Magazine
- The Kuku Sutra
- The Richard Burton and Liz Taylor Gift Catalog
- Sludge Magazine (the Magazine of Gunk!)
- The Poor and Superpoor
- Uncle Tom's Column
- Mrs. Agnew's Diary
- Your Monthly Horrorscope
- The Great American Menu
- The Naked Lady: Art or Porno?
- Bizarre Magazine (Fashion Tips for Mutants)
- I Am Curious (Big Yaller)
- Is Nixon Dead?
- The Royal Canadian Air Force Guide to Inner Tranquility
- Save our Threatened Nazis
- The Gall Street Journal
- Up With Negroes!
- True Finance Magazine

. . . and (gasp) much, much more.

Along with the sharp, satirical writing of America's finest humorists, each issue of the *National Lampoon* contains the cream of American and foreign cartoonists. If you are the most elementary aficionado of great cartoons, you will be tickled to know that the *National Lampoon* regularly features the work of Gahan Wilson, Charles Barsotti, Brian Savage, Ed Koren, Charles Rodrigues, Bill Tidy, Dick Olden, Sam Gross, Howard Shoemaker and dozens of other first-rate character assassins.

In addition to the world's best cartoonists, the *National Lampoon* habitually crams itself with the most imaginative and startling illustrations and photography available. The same art directors who designed the Empire State Building, the 1953 Pontiac and Martha Mitchells spring wardrobe have gathered together only the best satirical artists and caricaturists the country has to offer.

Each month, the *National Lampoon* selects a main theme to which much of that issue is devoted. Already, the *National Lampoon* has spewed out issues on SEX, GREED, BLIGHT, BAD TASTE AND MEDIOCRITY, and PARANOIA to name a few. Future topics will include SHOW BIZ, 1984, POLITICS, THE FUTURE, NOSTALGIA and our very special, SEX, VIOLENCE AND MOTHERHOOD number. The editors meticulously search and destroy the principal proponents of these interesting topics, and *National Lampoon* lawyers are busy dodging numerous libel suits.

You can subscribe to the *National Lampoon* now . . . and save. Newsstand price of the *Lampoon* is 75¢ per copy. A one-year subscription is only $5.95 at this special charter subscription rate (a savings of $3.05) and, of course, there are even greater savings for the two- and three-year subs. Don't sit around and suffocate! Send your check or money order along now to Louise, our friendly computer. She'll see to it that a special Federal agent starts personally hand delivering your issues of the *National Lampoon* immediately. Fill out the enclosed blank and include it with your payment in the accompanying postpaid envelope.







The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 1070
635 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022

Yes, I want a charter subscription to the *National Lampoon.*
I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐

☐ 1-year subscription (12 issues)—$5.95 (you save $3.05)
☐ 2-year subscription (24 issues)—$10.50 (you save $7.50)
☐ 3-year subscription (36 issues)—$14.50 (you save $12.50)

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City____________ State__________ zip______

Please be sure to include your correct zip code number

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The President's Commission on What's What



Official Report

UNITED STATES OFFICE OF PUBLIC INFORMATION
WASHINGTON, D.C.
20 NOVEMBER 1970

ALL PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THIS PAMPHLET
ARE OBSOLETE AND SHOULD BE DESTROYED

U.S. PAMPHLET NO. 187-D
OPI-19976-D-T44

BY DOUGLAS KENNEY

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Hey there, Mr. and Mrs. Average American, have you taken a good look at *what's been going on around here lately?* Just take a gander at your local paper or responsible television news broadcaster and, if you're like the majority of responsible, informed Average Americans, *you start to wonder!*

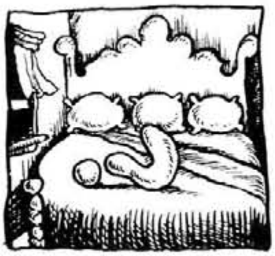
WHY YOU START TO WONDER



WHAT'S WHAT ON THE CAMPUS



WHAT'S WHAT IN THE CITIES



WHAT'S WHAT IN THE BEDROOM

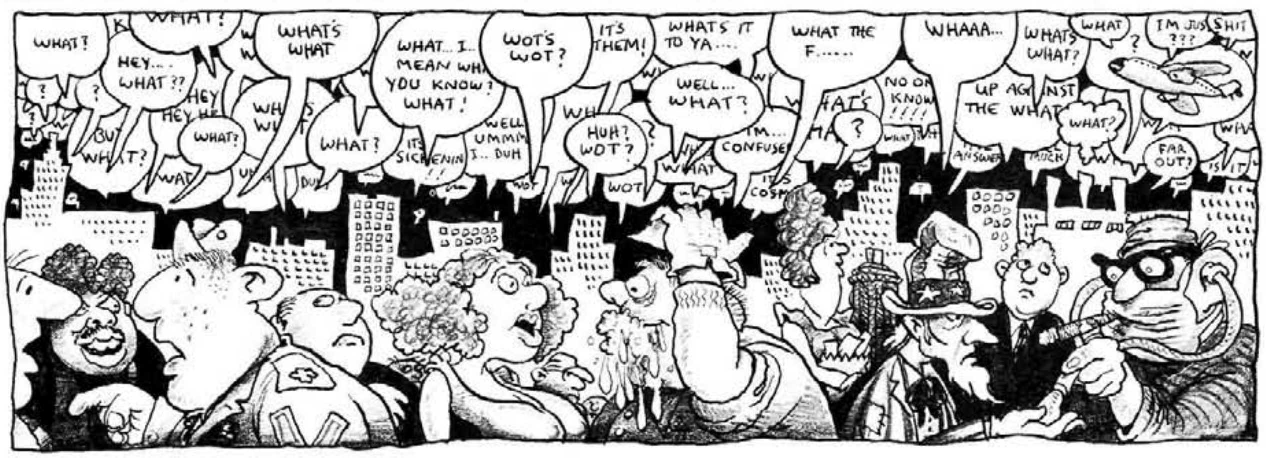


WHAT'S WHAT IN KANSAS

4 GOOD EXAMPLES OF WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON AROUND HERE LATELY[1]

It doesn't take any fancy college course in so-called sociology[2] to figure out that something is going on in this country. And good citizens everywhere should be fully informed as to *what that something is!*

GROWING CONCERN IS EVIDENCED AMONG GOOD CITIZENS EVERYWHERE



1. Information recently compiled by official governmental agencies and other reliable sources that should know.
2. A branch of the so-called Social Sciences and a field study popular among a number of known suspicious elements.

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THE ENTIRE NATION IS THREATENED TODAY BY NUMEROUS DIVISIVE FORCES



CAN AVERAGE AMERICANS GET THE REAL LOWDOWN ON WHAT'S WHAT IN THIS COUNTRY?

The answer is YES. Pictured below are the members of the President's Special Commission on What's What, a handpicked panel of expert Average Americans very much like yourself. Fully qualified for their vital job, these dedicated staffers represent every race, creed and political viewpoint concomitant[1] with good citizenship and the best interests of a Free America.



1. accompanying; conjoining; attending.

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HOW THE JOB WAS DONE

Here's how the job was done: Fanning out across the country, the President's Special Commission on What's What interviewed thousands[1] of concerned Average Americans very much like yourself by means of a specially designed questionnaire[2] drawn up by a special panel of experts, also very much like yourself.



Specially prepared questionnaires were drawn up and distributed.



Specially prepared questionnaires were collected and analyzed.

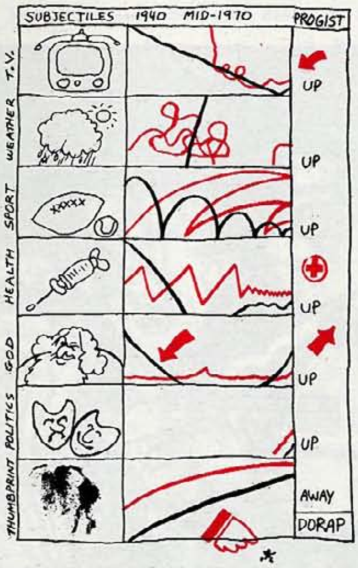
WHAT THE QUESTIONNAIRE SHOWS

The specially prepared questionnaires were interpreted by a team of experts on the Commission very much like yourself, and a large amount of valuable results was gathered. These results revealed two important points: One of these important points is that there is CAUSE FOR CONCERN. The second important point is that, while there is CAUSE FOR CONCERN, there are also a definite number of HOPEFUL SIGNS.

CAUSE FOR CONCERN



HOPEFUL SIGNS



On one hand, there is a definite cause for concern. The Commission's specially prepared graph indicates growing discontent among Average Americans very much like yourself in terms of how far up to they have had it. Notice that in 1954, Average Americans had had it up to "here" (Figure **A**), while in projected forecasts for 1975, the Average American will have had it up to "here" (Figure **B**).

On the other hand, there are definite hopeful signs. The Commission's specially prepared graph reveals that the vast majority of those polled as to "How are things?" nevertheless responded that things are looking up. The above graph shows the dramatic upward trend of a number of important things.

1. 17,634 concerned Average Americans
2. A set of questions asked to get the answers back.

ILLUSTRATION BY RICK MEYEROWITZ

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WHAT IS THE REAL SOURCE OF THE PROBLEM?

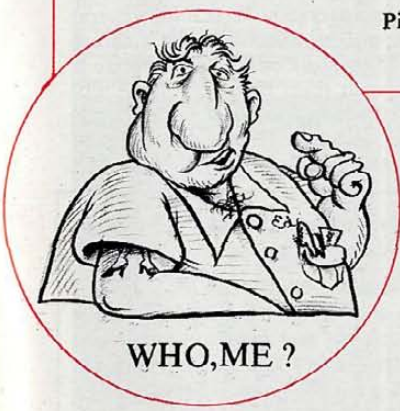
The most dramatic conclusion reached by the President's Special Commission on What's What is that the large part of what's going on around here lately has been instigated by a well-coordinated group of outside agitators frequently referred to as "those guys" or, more simply, "they." Almost without exception, all those polled definitely stated that this organized band of professional troublemakers is the source of most of what's what around here lately.

Percentages of Agreement Among Those Polled

"They're trying to take over this country." (91%)
"Give them an inch and they'll take a mile." (91%)
"They don't have any respect." (91%)
"They ought to go back where they came from." (91%)
"They don't make them like they used to." (91%)



Pictured above are actual photographs taken of Them and Their secret meeting places.

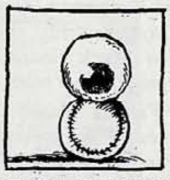


WHAT CAN YOU DO?

"But what," an individual very much like yourself might say, "can I do about what's what with this country lately?" The answer is very simple. Below, the President's Special Commission on What's What has prepared a specially prepared SIX-POINT PROGRAM for Average Americans that you can put into practice *right in your own neighborhood!*

SPECIAL SIX-POINT PROGRAM

When going about your daily routine, be sure to keep in mind these six important points: From now on, I will help combat what's what in this country by keeping my:



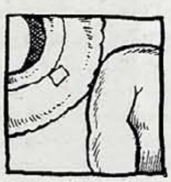
EYE ON THE BALL!



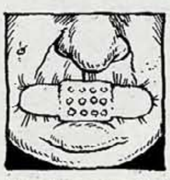
NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE!



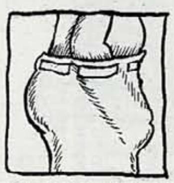
FEET ON THE GROUND!



SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL!



MOUTH SHUT!



HANDS TO MYSELF!

Remember: Only *you* can prevent what's going on around here lately!

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ANTI-DRUG CONTEST!



"Narc narc."
"Who's there?"
"J. Edgar Hoover."
"Oh, wow."

. . . ever happen to you? We certainly hope not. The *National Lampoon* wants America's young people to realize the many and terrible consequences of smoking the illegal substance commonly referred to as marijuana or "marjorie-joan!" Do our own kids know that *one puff* of this fatal drug can induce loss of eyesight, impaired motor coordination, neuritis, neuralgia and the permanent inability to pronounce the word "garage"?

In the interest of today's youth, the *National Lampoon* is hereby sponsoring, as a public service, a Special Anti-Dope Contest.

Here's what you do. In 25 words or less, complete the following sentence:

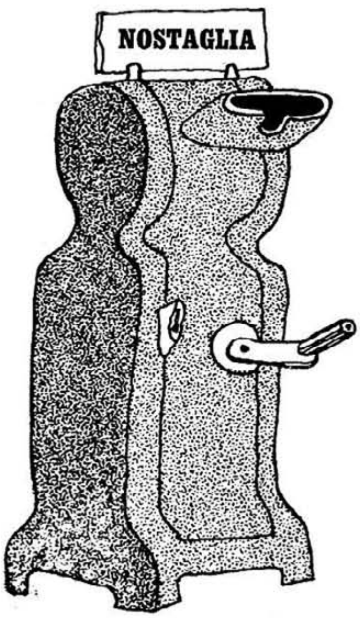
"I will never ever smoke dope because ____________"

and mail your anti-dope essay to:

Miss Mary Marshmallow
Drug Editor
The National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Entries will be judged on persuasiveness, imagination and moral stature, and must be postmarked no later than November 1, 1970. Prizewinners will be announced in a future issue. First prize is $20 ($15 on the Coast), second prize is $10 ($7.50 on the Coast), and third prize are more subscriptions to the national humor magazine of your choice, assuming MAD is on strike and you already have a subscription to *Weight Watchers*. □

!!COMING NEXT MONTH!!



Climb out of that iron lung, hop into your motorized wheelchair and take a spin down Memory Lane with our next issue, guaranteed to put a sentimental tear in your eye and a malignant lump in your throat. Relive those golden years in:

The First Annual Classic Refrigerator Rally/Yes, a 1917 gas-powered, 10-cubic-foot Kenmore friginola, with the original butter dish still in perfect condition.

Inventions That Almost Made It/Some almost-Edisons were only a few years ahead of their time. Imagine the disappointment of the guy who came up with such inspired near-misses as the radio dinner.

1936: Space Odyssey/Way back when, the sci-fi writers predicted with startling accuracy what the coming Age would be like. Who but these prophets could have foreseen our labor-saving, kerosene-operated robots, our supersonic dirigibles or man's first landing on Alpha Centauri in early 1952?

Tom Wolfe covers the Harding Inauguration/Wow.

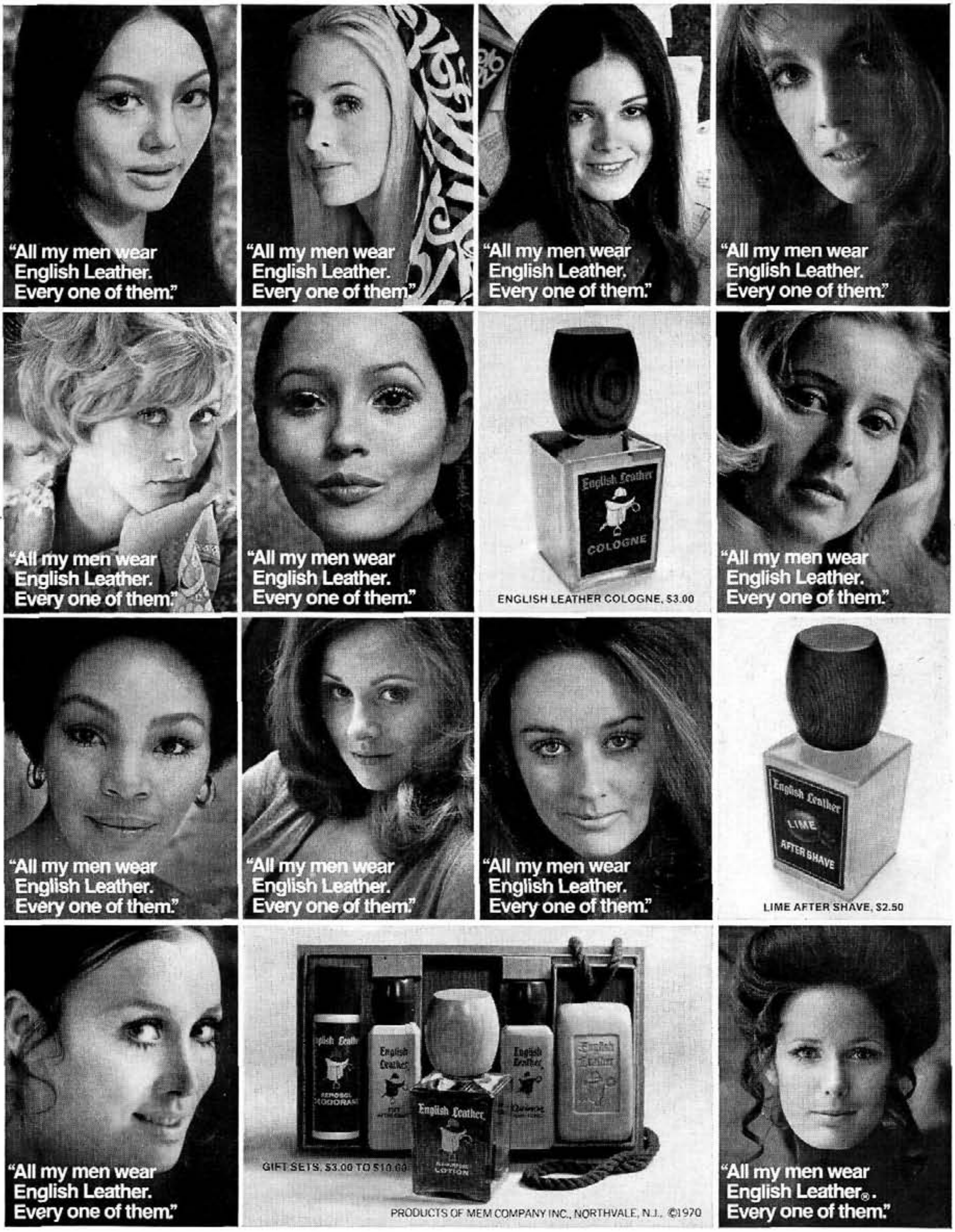
The Nostalgia Club/Just send in this coupon and the first five digits of your bank account, and by return mail you will receive every classic recording cut by those great old groups, including Sgt. Feffer's German-American Bund!

The Remember When? Quiz/Okay, memorabilia buffs, what sexual perversion did Katherine Hepburn perform on Peter Lorre during the tuna fish orgy scene in Mack Sennett's unforgettable masterpiece, *Up Yours*?

Those Fab 'n' Funky Camp Fashions/Every year, Paris revives the styles of our romantic past. How can you resist the gaunt glitz of the Dachau look, or the ragtag elegance of those wild and wonderful Depression years?

Son of Back-In-My-Day Revisited/Back in my day, when I was a kid, I used to have to walk to school on two broken legs through 26 miles of volcanic eruptions and Jerry machine-gun fire just to get an education. And you want the car keys.

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Winston may not say it right, but they sure know how to make it right with
specially processed FILTER BLEND tobaccos

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